

DEBBIE REYNOLDS' LOVE LIFE facts & photos

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**A
BABY
FOR
LIZ AND
EDDIE-**

ROUGH COPY

what is the truth
behind the rumors?



"You can always tell a Halo girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"

Give your hair
that extra shine, too
with today's Halo...
the modern shampoo
with extra-shining
action



♥ Halo shines as it cleans—with the purest, mildest cleansing ingredient possible!

♥ Halo leaves *extra shine* as it rinses—with the fastest, most thorough rinsing action ever!

With today's Halo it's so easy for your hair to have that *extra shine*. So satin-bright, satin-smooth, too—so manageable. Try it today in its modern beauty bottle.

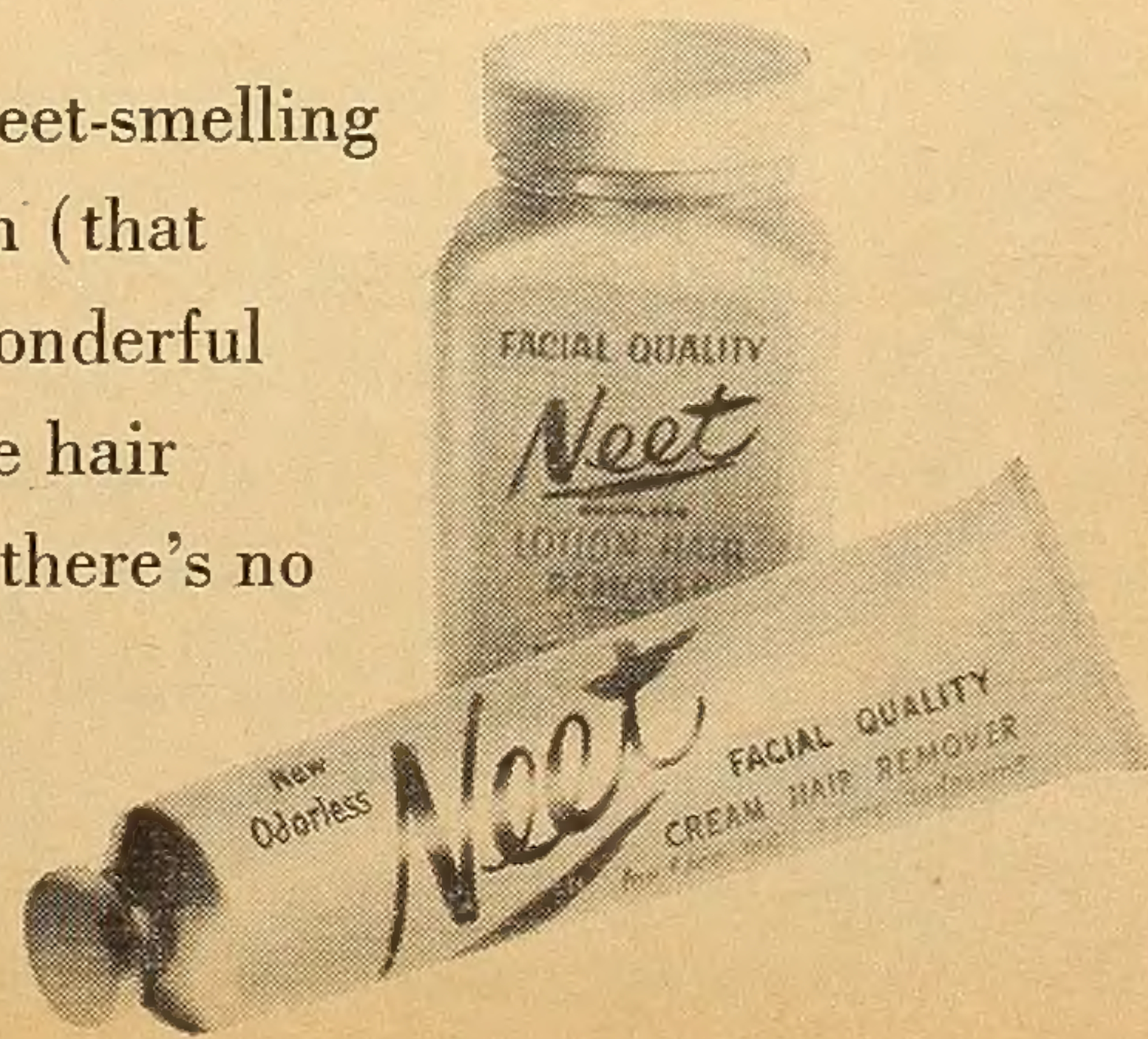
*Halo glorifies as it cleans
...with extra-shining action.*



shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way...with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" again (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually *beauty-creams* the hair away. And when the hair *finally* does grow in again, it feels softer; silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, *neatest* legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!

Neet



SEPTEMBER, 1959

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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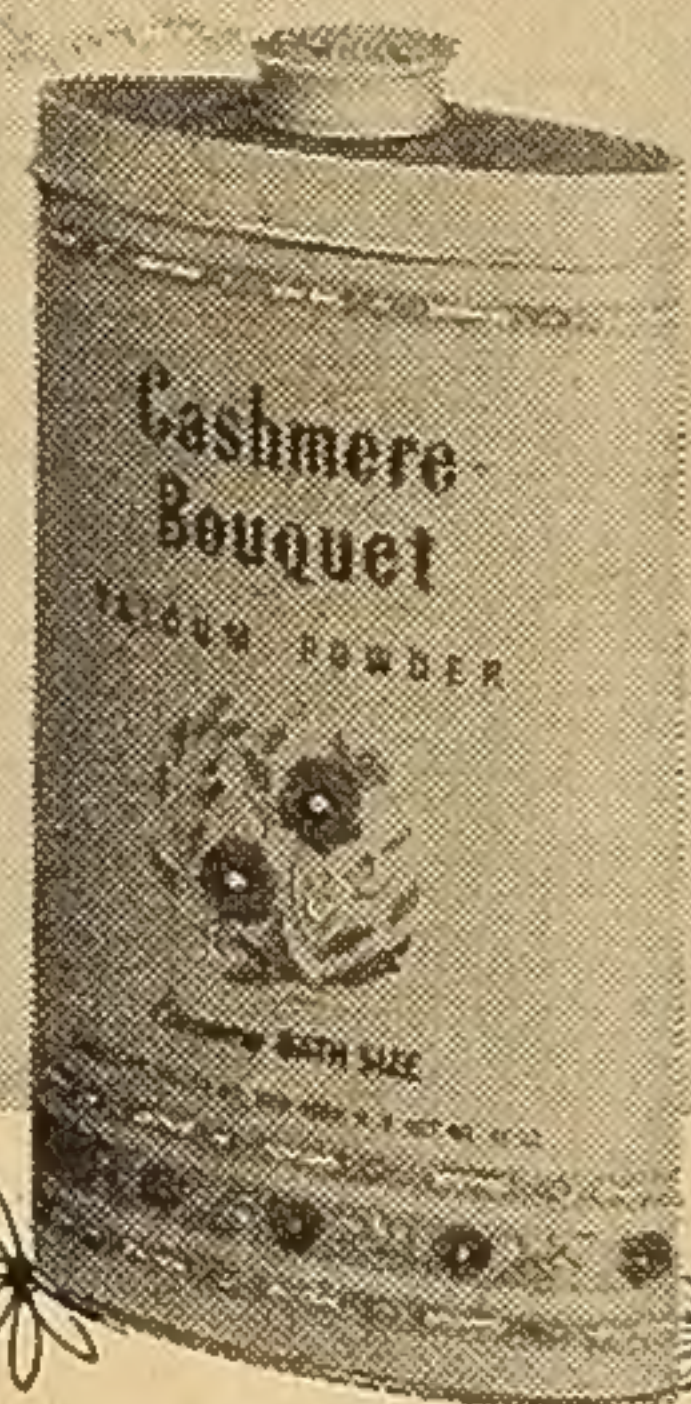
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 8, September 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, \$3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.



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fragrant
veil of
freshness...



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Bouquet
Talc...scents and
silken every inch of you
...more lastingly...
more lovingly than
costly cologne

No cologne protects and
prolongs daintiness like Cashmere
Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate.
Won't dry your skin. Will leave you
silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over
for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet,
made of *pure imported* Talc, be your
lasting Veil of Freshness.

*Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love*

THIS... IS... A... HONEYMOON ???

The overseas Sergeant wins a
dream-car as a prize ...
and a dream-girl for his bride!
Each has the most beautiful
chassis in the world. But the
government won't let him
use one ... and she
has her own
ideas about
the other!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Presents

AN ARCOLA PRODUCTION

Starring

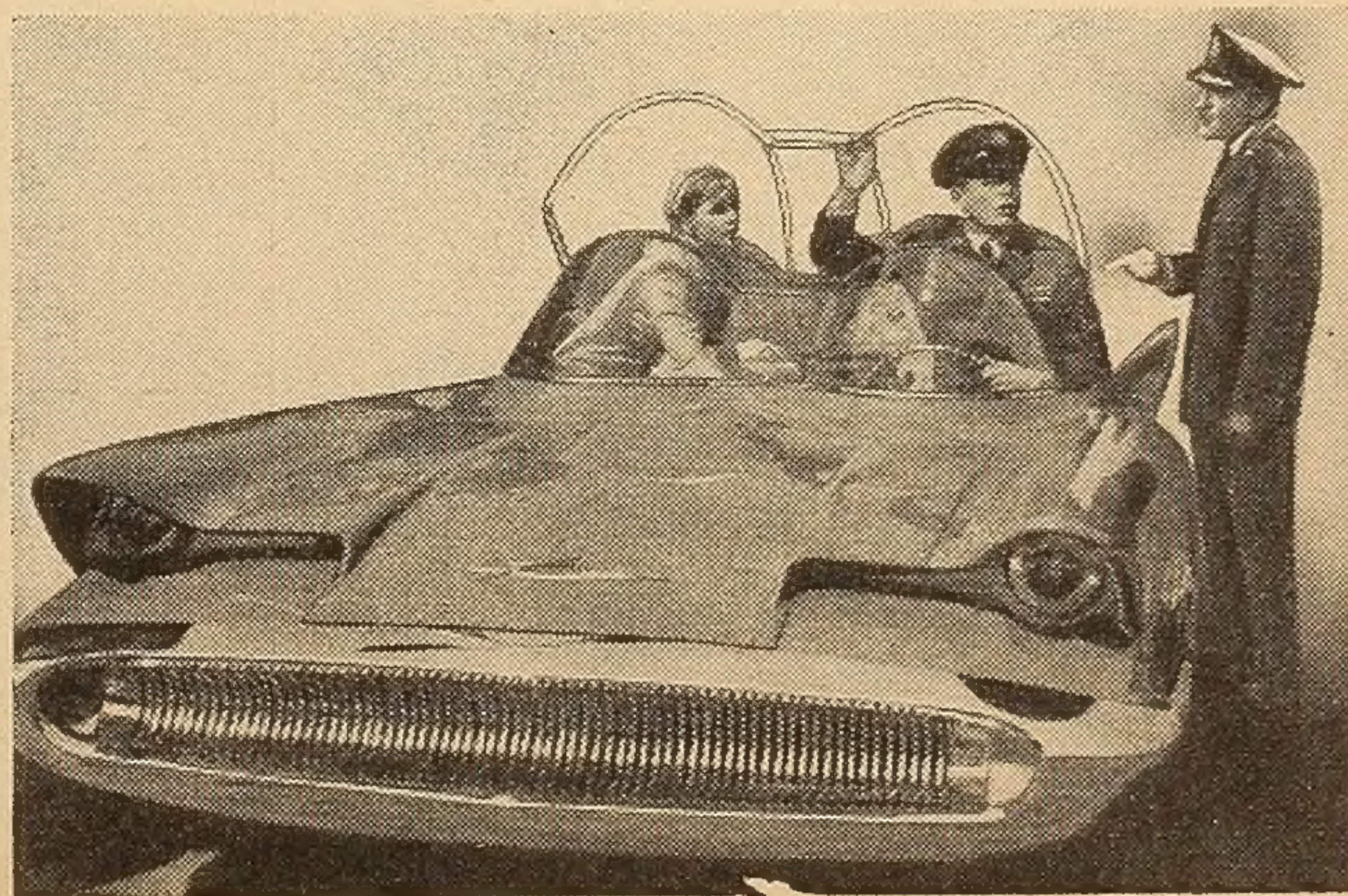
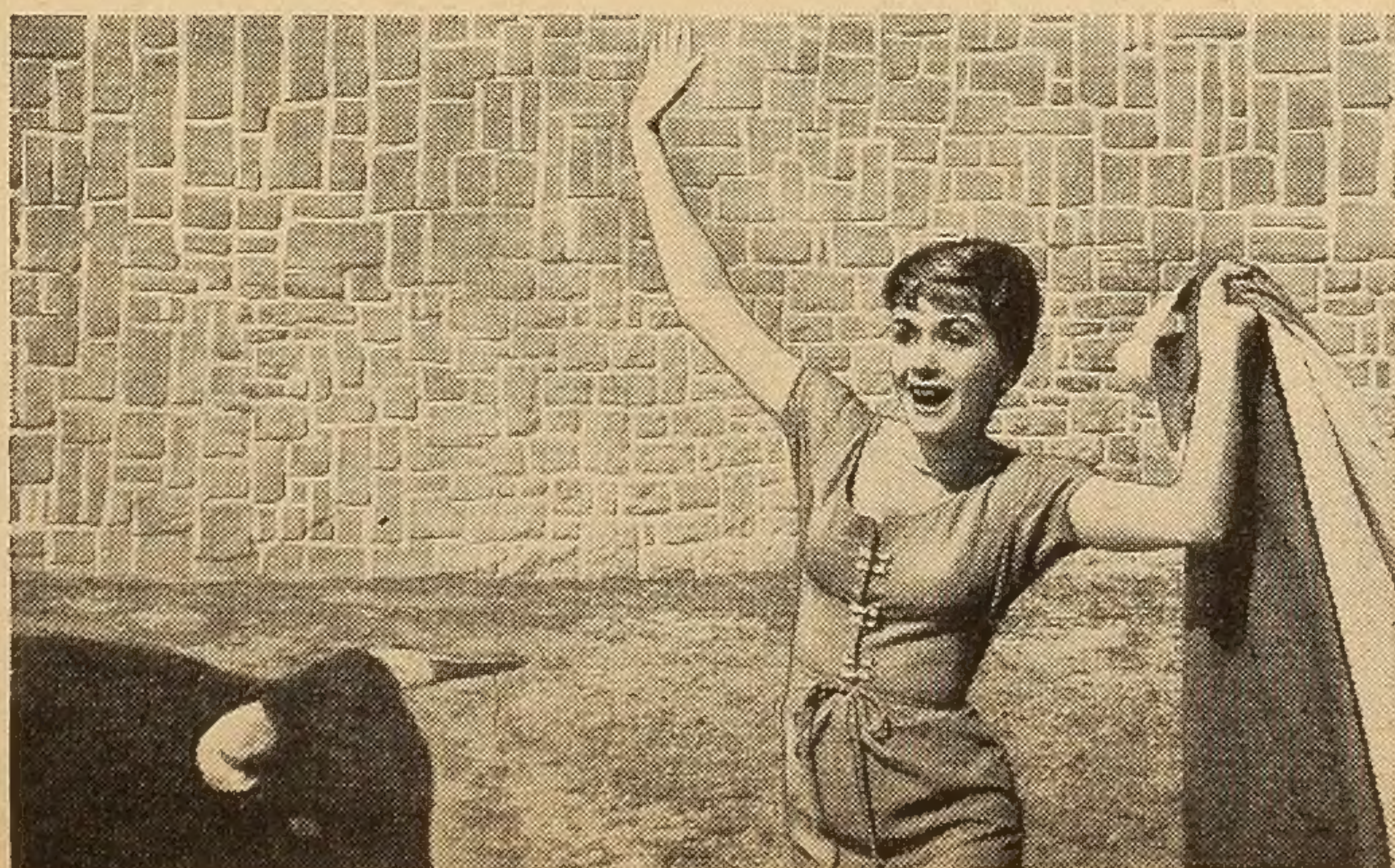
Glenn Ford
Debbie Reynolds

IT STARTED WITH A KISS

And it's a joy-ride all the way ... from cool dolls to hot flamencos ...
from fiestas to bullfights ... in gay, romantic Spain!

M-G-M filmed it in Granada, Barcelona and Madrid ... IN COLOR!

Co-Starring
GUSTAVO ROJO
EVA GABOR
FRED CLARK
with
EDGAR BUCHANAN
Screen Play by
CHARLES LEDERER
Story by VALENTINE DAVIES
In CinemaScope
and METROCOLOR
Directed by
GEORGE MARSHALL
Produced by
AARON ROSENBERG



Poised...



night and day

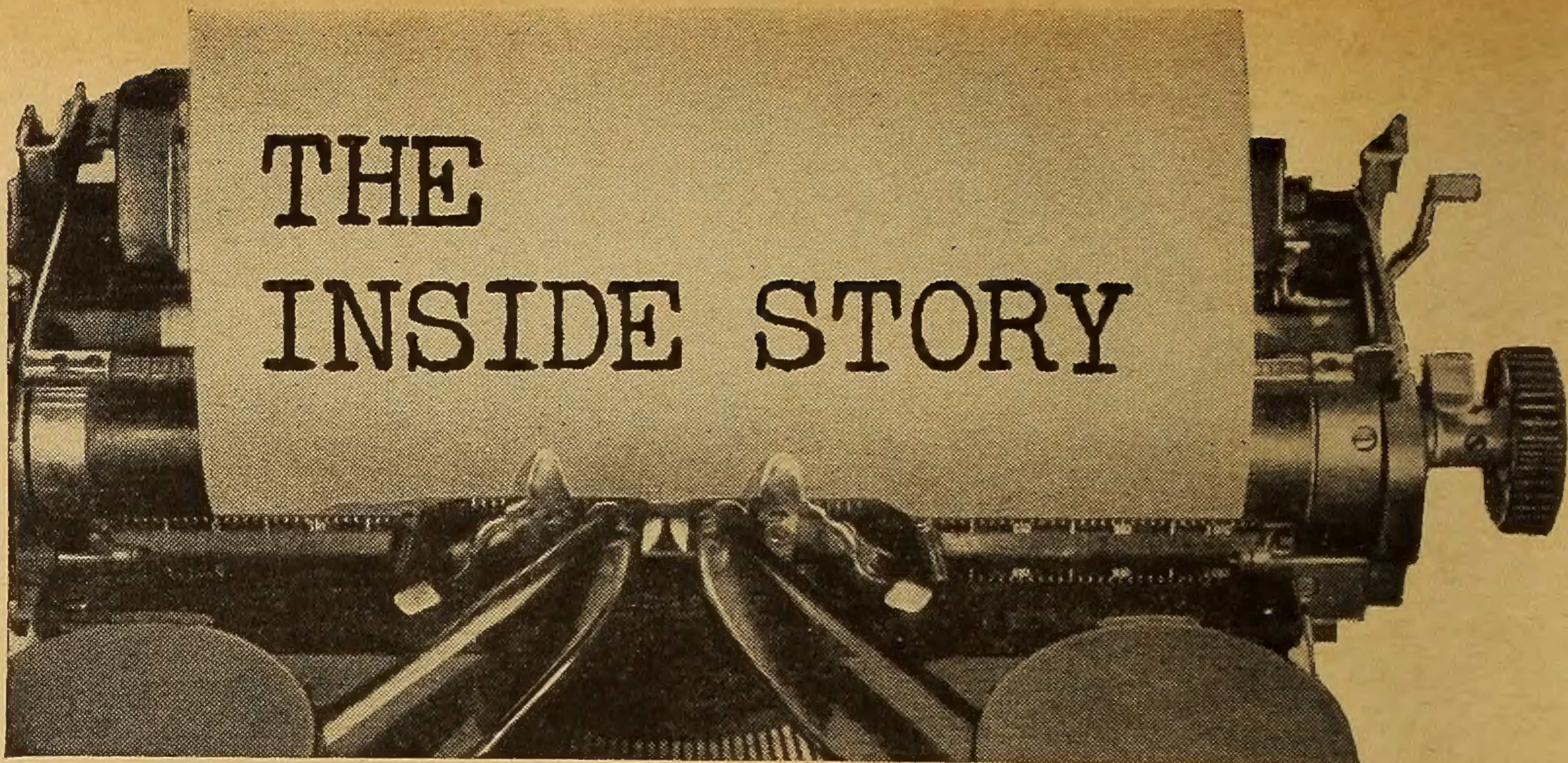


Some women seem blessed with a look of quiet confidence, a kind of *sureness* that's reflected in everything they do. It's a gift that never leaves them, even on problem days—for they rely on the comfort, the freedom of Tampax.

Designed for smart moderns, Tampax® internal sanitary protection is invisible, unfelt, when in place. It protects while it keeps your secret *safe*. Protects while it keeps you *poised* and *sure*. For, with Tampax, there's no chafing, no odor, no lines, no bulk. So dainty to use—fingers never touch it. Disposal takes seconds. Extras conceal in a tiny purse.

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Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars, get Modern Screen's **SUPER STAR CHART**. Coupon, page 53.

Q On TV and in interviews, **Dean Martin** kids a great deal about his consumption of alcoholic beverages. Does Dean really drink as much as he admits to?

—D.C., FORT SMITH, ARK.

A More.

Q Do you think that there is any chance of a reconciliation between **Cliff Robertson** and his wife Cindy Lemmon Robertson?

—F.F., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

A Only if absence makes Cliff's heart grow fonder during his three months in Europe.

Q I've heard that **Elvis Presley** absolutely doesn't drink. Yet in a recent issue of MODERN SCREEN there was an incident in which Elvis was sipping beer in Germany. Has he acquired the habit?

—J.R., GADSDEN, ALA.

A Beer drinking is a national institution in Germany and since living abroad Elvis has indulged in the hops now and then.

Q I'm trying to keep the record straight. I read that **Linda Cristal** went to the Cannes Festival to be near **Cary Grant** and then that Grant went to be near **Kim Novak** and finally that Kim went to be near Mario Bandini. If this is true—what happened?

—S.B., LOWELL, MASS.

A Chaos.

Q With all this hullabaloo about **Joan Crawford**'s financial status, I wonder if the fact that Joan really hasn't much money is the reason her daughter Christina took a job as a waitress in a Greenwich Village restaurant to pay for dramatic tuition.

—R.M., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A One of Joan's gems could pay Christina's drama coaches for a decade. Chris, however, is working by her own choice in order to launch her career completely on her own.

Q How serious is it between hat-check girl Paula Maurice and **Montgomery Clift**?

—L.H.P., ELGIN, ILL.

A Paula has serious aspirations to become an actress. Monty is a sympathetic guy.

Q Why was the British press so nasty to **Ginger Rogers**? I read they made

her life miserable when she was doing a TV show in London.

—W.C., COLUMBIA, S.C.

A Ginger made the press wait for an interview. They in turn made her writhe when they wrote it.

Q Is it true that **Marlene Dietrich** has a voodoo doll of **Carol Channing** and sticks pins in it because she dislikes the Broadway TV entertainer so intensely? What caused the feud?

—P.M., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A Marlene never forgave Carol for the devastating impersonation the latter performed of her. Carol, to end the feud, sent Marlene the voodoo doll as a 'let's make-up gag.' Miss Dietrich discarded the doll and the gesture.

Q What's behind the mysterious operation **Anna Maria Alberghetti** had recently when she was hospitalized for several days?

—G.P., ROCKY MOUNT, N.C.

A No mystery. Some girls go out and get a new hat after the end of a broken romance; Anna Maria decided to get a new nose.

Q Is it true that Universal International yanked **Rock Hudson** from the Broadway musical *Saratoga Trunk* after he was signed, sealed and delivered because they thought he would set his career back ten years if he tried to do a legitimate and singing role?

—M.R., KINGSTON, N.Y.

A Rock was neither signed, sealed nor delivered for the play. Universal International said No because they didn't want their most valuable asset frozen on Broadway for two years.

Q I noticed when **Hugh O'Brian** was here with the **Bob Hope** show that they put **Wyatt Earp** in very large letters and Hugh's name very tiny in parentheses beneath it in the ads. Is this the way Hugh wants it?

—S.A., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A No!

Q It looks like Marlon Brando is losing weight. What is his diet secret?

—H.P., NANTICOKE, PA.

A Marlon's way of fighting the battle of the bulge is—cottage cheese!

Q Does **Debbie Reynolds** plan to make diamond-giver Bob Neal her next husband?

—L.MCC., CANTON, OHIO

A Not right now, anyway.

ENTER FREE! EVERYBODY WINS!*

in the **HAMMOND ATLAS**

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\$125,000

500 CASH PRIZES

CASH! CASH! CASH! FASCINATING PUZZLES! FABULOUS PRIZES!

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YOU ENTER FREE! No Statements — No Jingles — No Box Tops — No Guesswork — Only Skill Counts!

Yes, you enter *this* contest FREE. Everything you need to start is right on this page before you. The first four Official Puzzles (#1-#4) are at right below. Simply send in your solution to these four puzzles on one of the FREE Entry Coupons below... *that's all you have to do to enter...*

We'll send you Puzzles #5-#8 by RETURN MAIL (within 14 days) together with the official rules and complete details of how you may win up to \$75,000.00 in this exciting game (which for lack of space have not been printed here). Now study the sample puzzle below.

SAMPLE PUZZLE



In this Sample Puzzle which is typical of all basic Official Puzzles there are just enough letters scrambled to correctly spell out the name of a certain island. Now look at the Clues. "Largest island in the Mediterranean." Of course you know this is Sicily and, sure enough, when you unscramble the letters, that's exactly the island name you come up with. Furthermore, you can tell by the outline of the island that you've got the correct answer. Finally, the pictured objects in the puzzle (Mt. Etna—a hot sun, also suggest Sicily. (NOTE: An additional clue with each set of basic Official Puzzles will be a list of island names from which to select your answers.)

Puzzles #5, #6, #7 and #8 will be mailed to each entrant within just **14 DAYS!**

YOU MAY WIN:

FIRST PRIZE... \$75,000.00

2nd PRIZE... \$17,000.00

3rd PRIZE... \$9,000.00

4th PRIZE... \$5,000.00

5th PRIZE... \$3,000.00

6th PRIZE... \$1,500.00

7th PRIZE... \$1,000.00

8th PRIZE... \$500.00

9th Through 36th PRIZES \$50.00 Each

37th Through 500th PRIZES \$25.00 Each

500 CASH PRIZES ALTOGETHER!



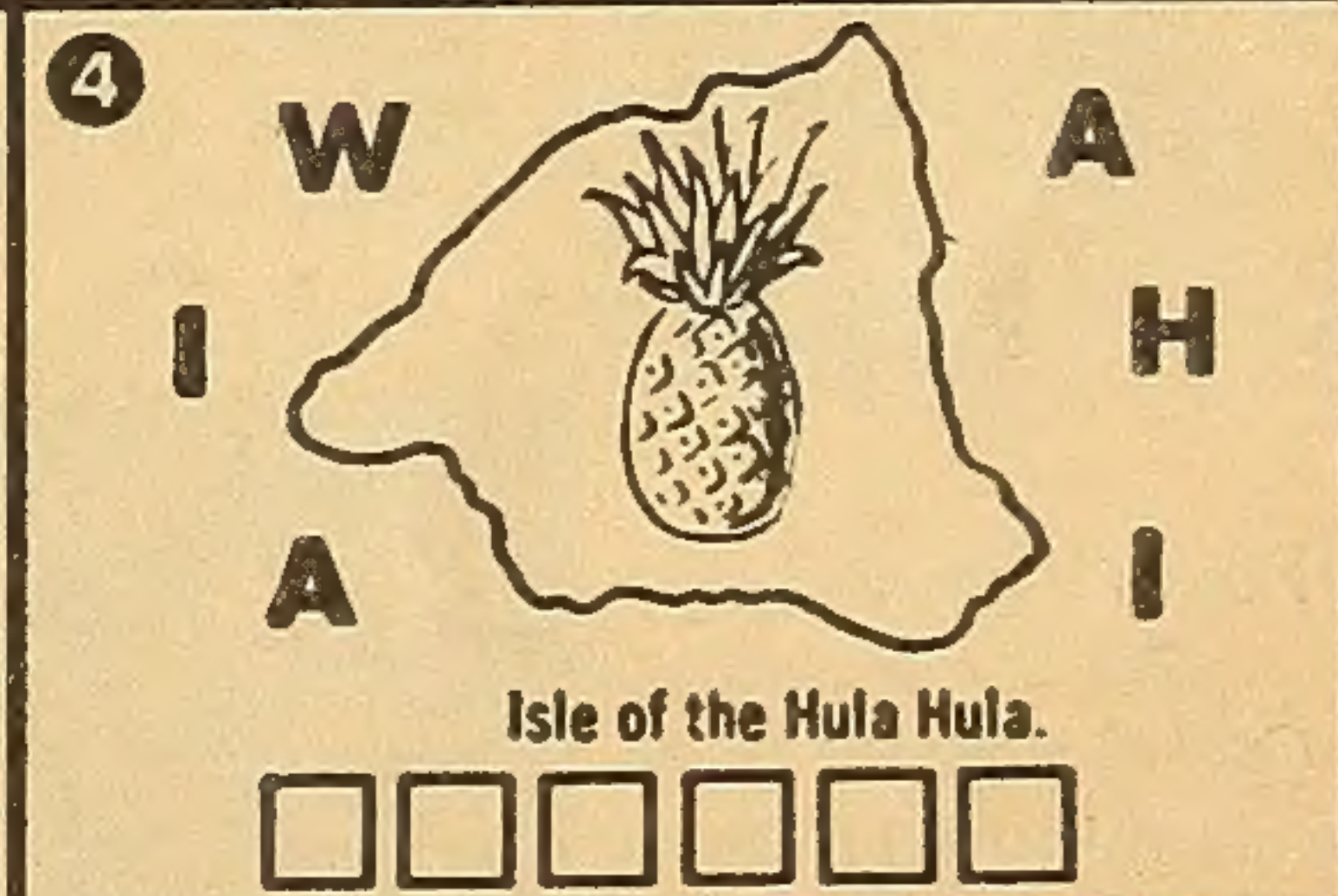
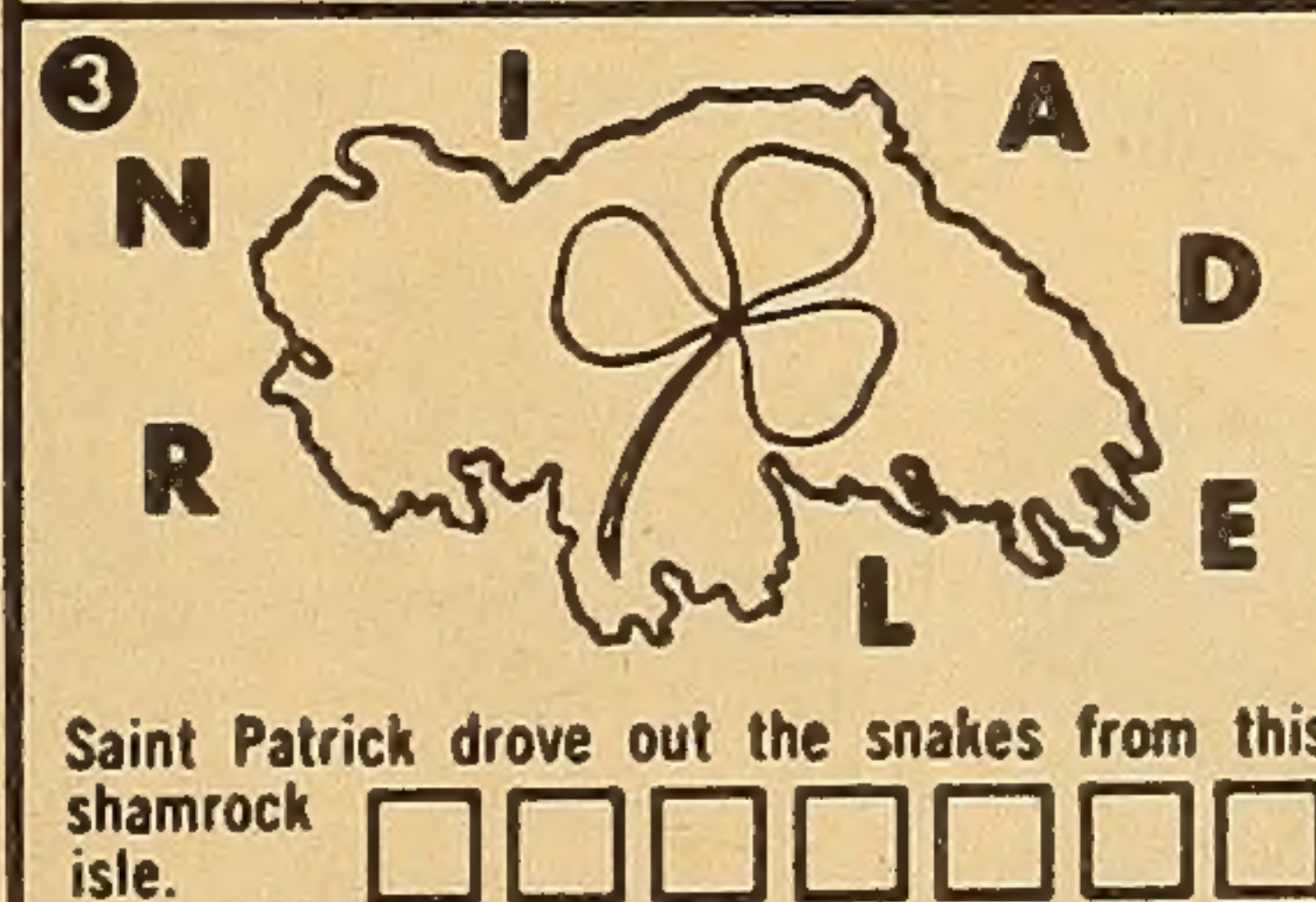
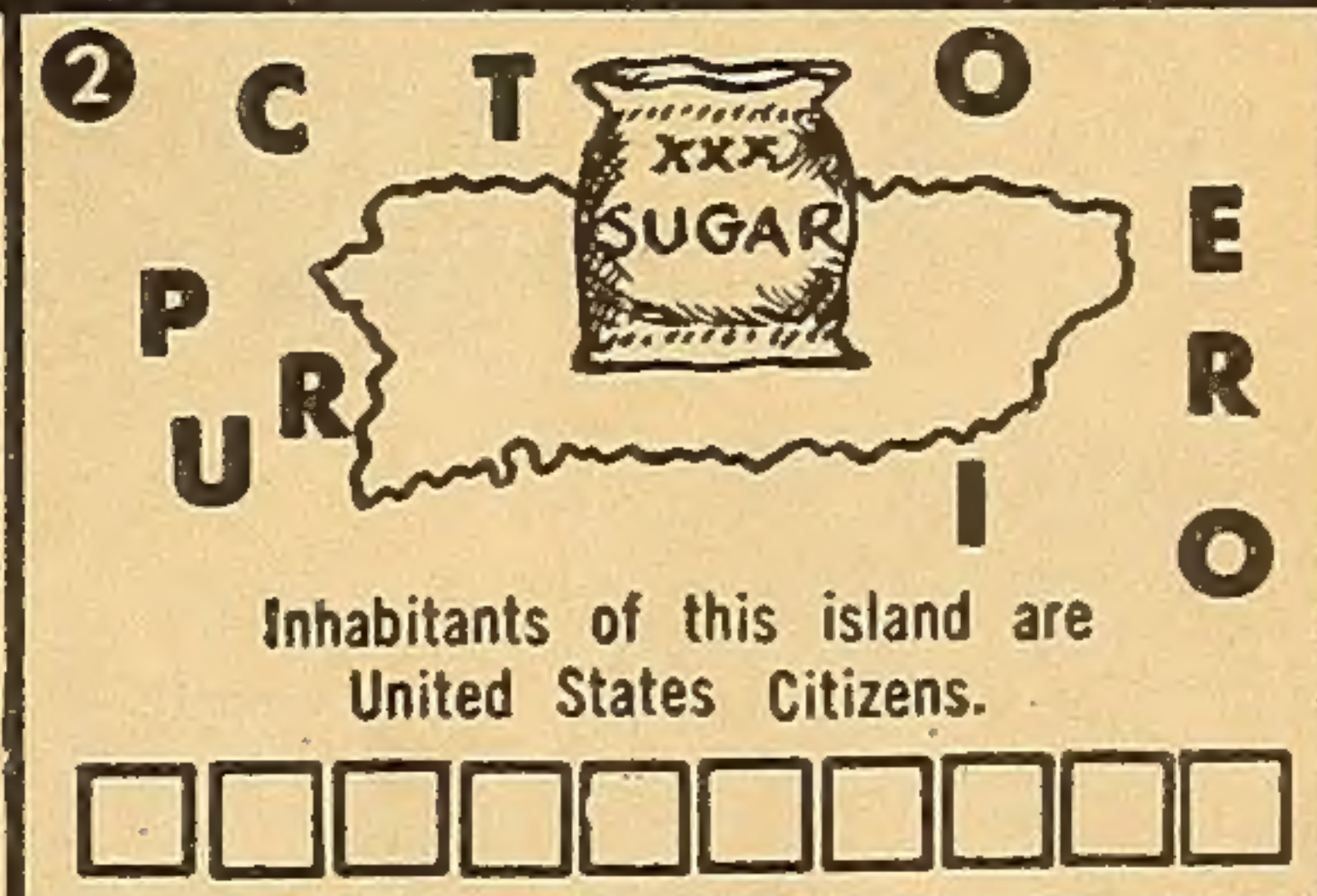
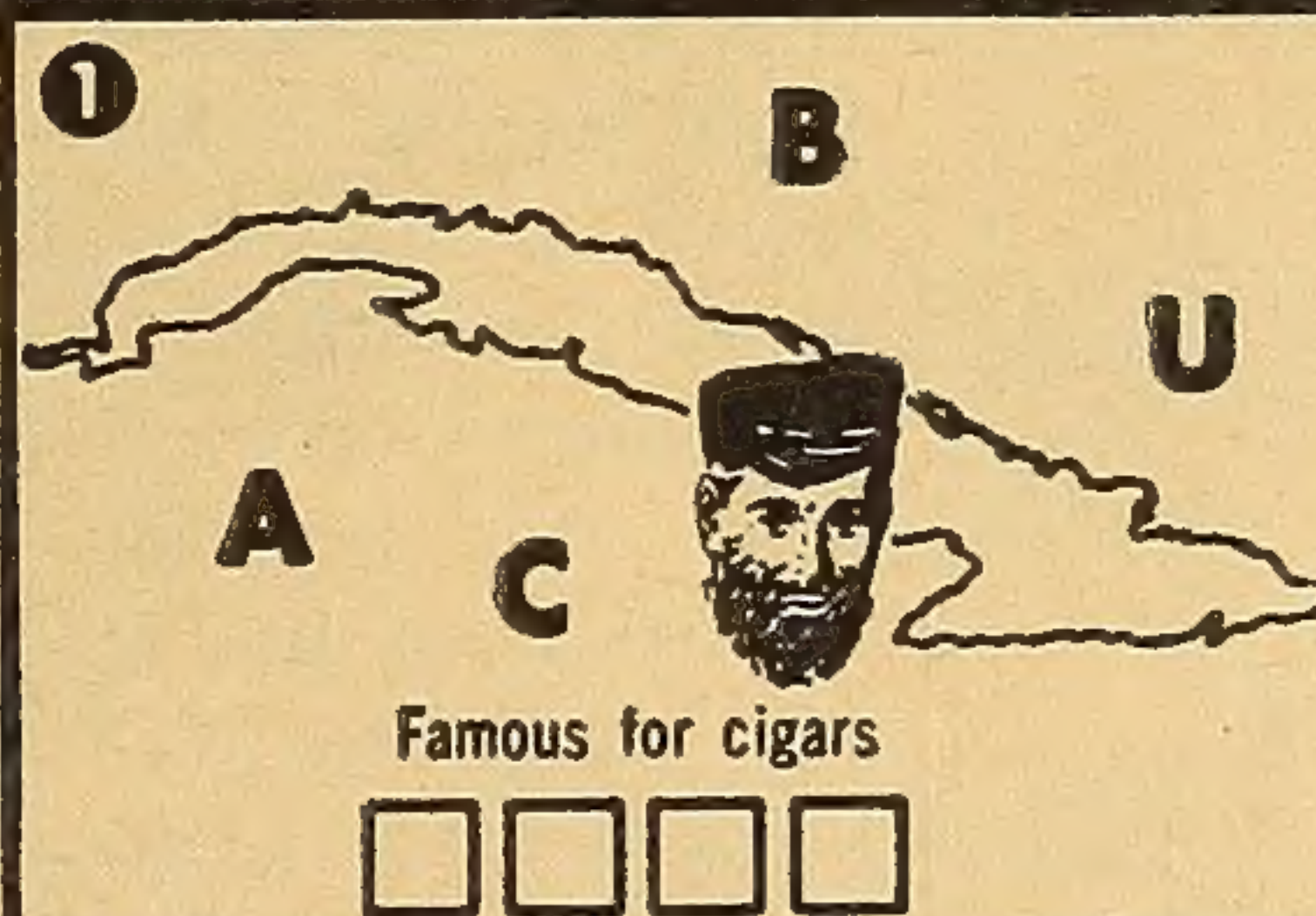
HOW TO PLAY THIS GAME

The correct answer to each of the four FREE Puzzles below is the name of an island. The object of the game is to spell out the correct island name in each puzzle by unscrambling the letters in the puzzle. The pictured objects and other clues will help you verify your solutions.

The correct answer to each of the four puzzles below is among the following island names.

ICELAND	PALMERSTON	PUERTO RICO	OAHU
CUBA	HAWAII	IRELAND	HAINAN

PUZZLES 1-4 INCLUSIVE! SEND SOLUTIONS ON COUPON BELOW KEEP PUZZLES FOR YOUR RECORDS



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Please RUSH Puzzles #5, #6, #7 and #8 together with official rules and details of this exciting GAME. I understand this obligates me in no way.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

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Puzzle #3.....

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope 2

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Print Your Answers below

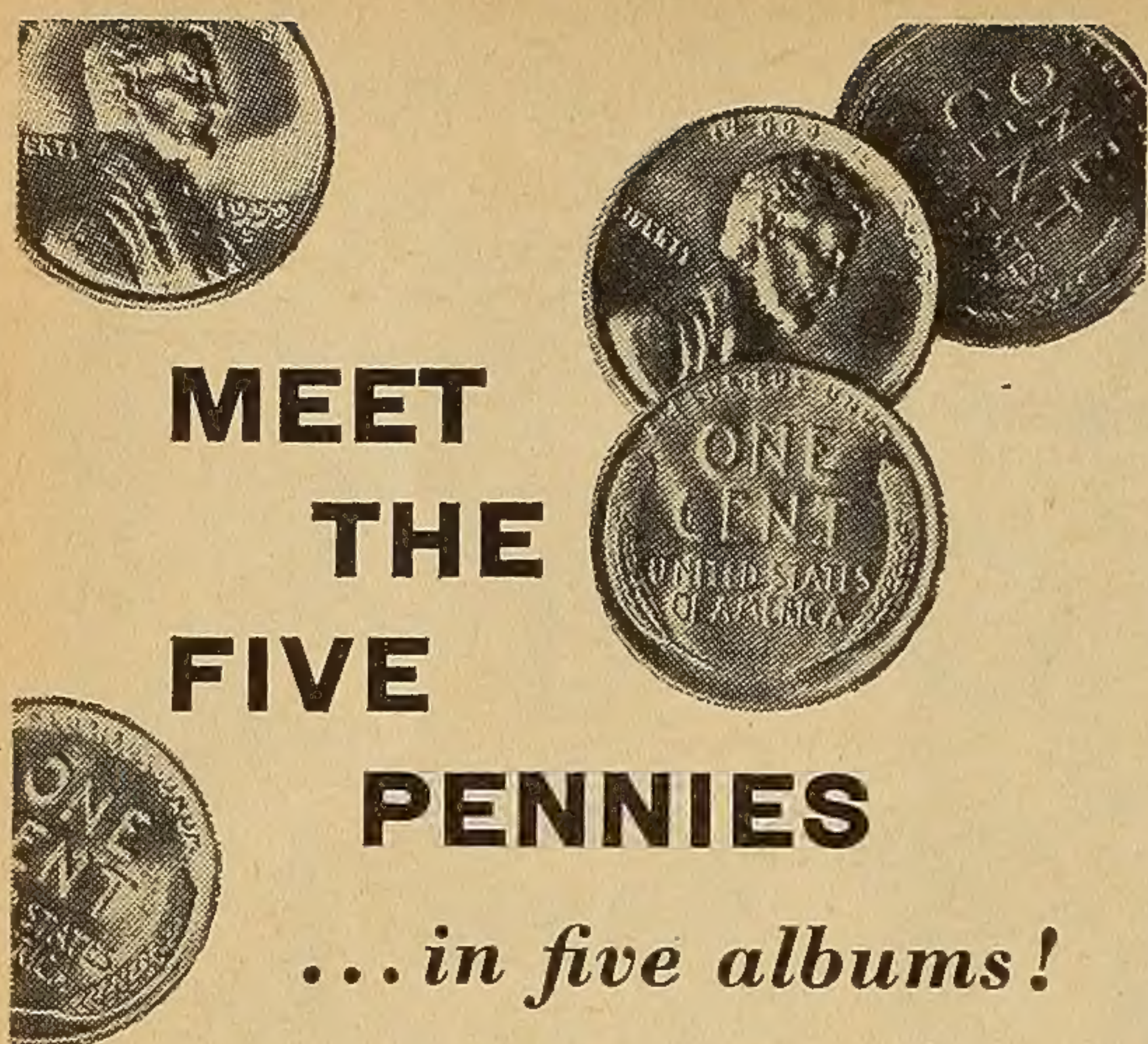
Puzzle #1.....

Puzzle #2.....

Puzzle #3.....

Puzzle #4.....

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...in five albums!



In Stereo! All the great, rousing Dixieland tunes (and more!) that Red and the boys play in their just-released film biography, "The Five Pennies," with Danny Kaye and Louis Armstrong. ST 1228*



Two-beat madness in one whale of a live session at a famed aquatic playground by the Pacific. *In Stereo.* ST 1163*

The Pennies really shine with eleven arrangements from the old days of Red's rollicking Dixieland music. T 1051



Red adds strings and reeds to his usual jaunty jazz. A brand-new mood that's a listening and dancing dream. T 999

in love with Red RED NICHOLS AND THE AUGMENTED PENNIES



Red's blazing horn and the Pennies don't quit for over six minutes in two of these 10 tunes they're famous for. T 775



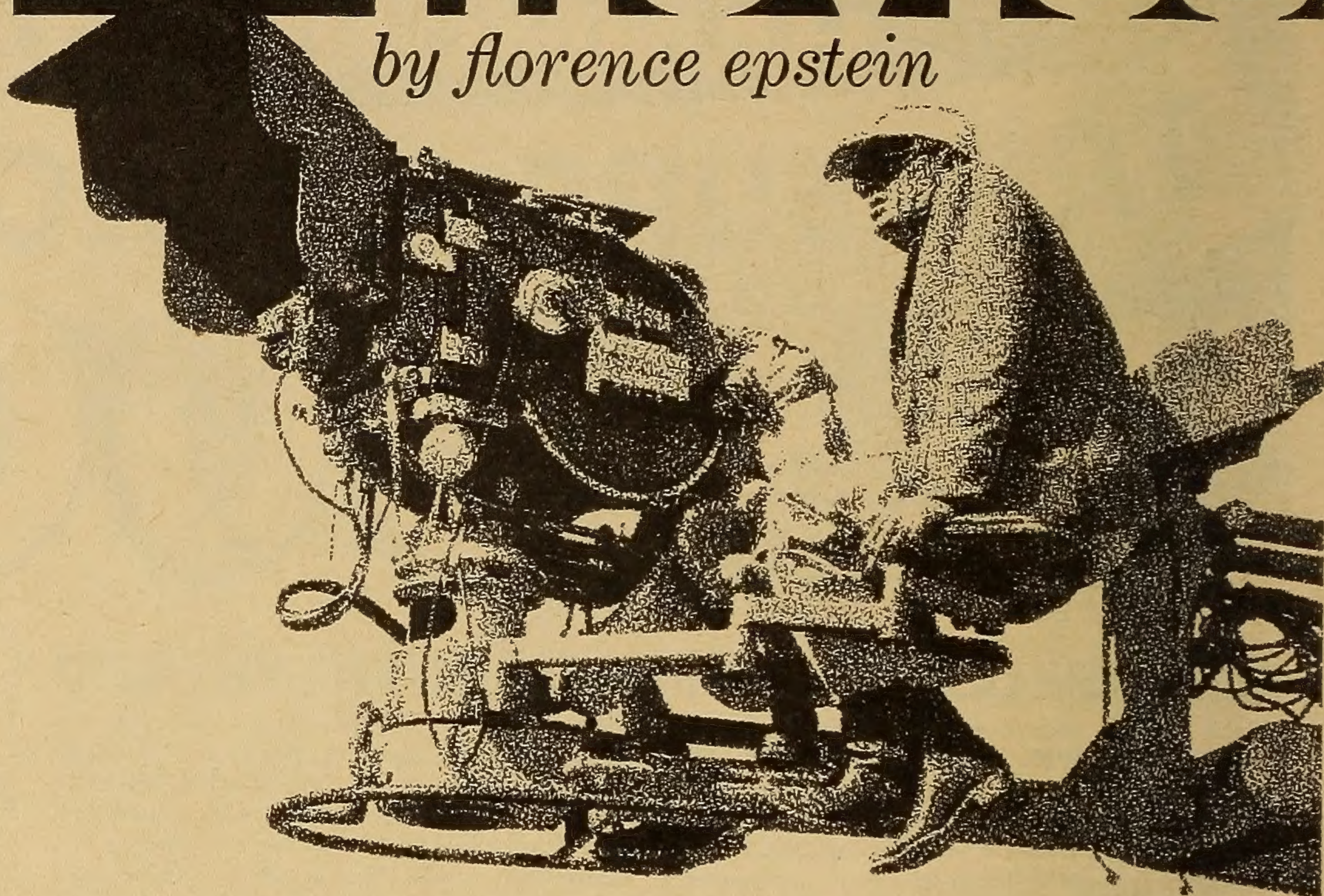
all
from



*also available monophonically

new movies

by florence epstein



PORGY AND BESS

an American classic

Sidney Poitier
Dorothy Dandridge
Sammy Davis, Jr.
Pearl Bailey
Diahann Carroll

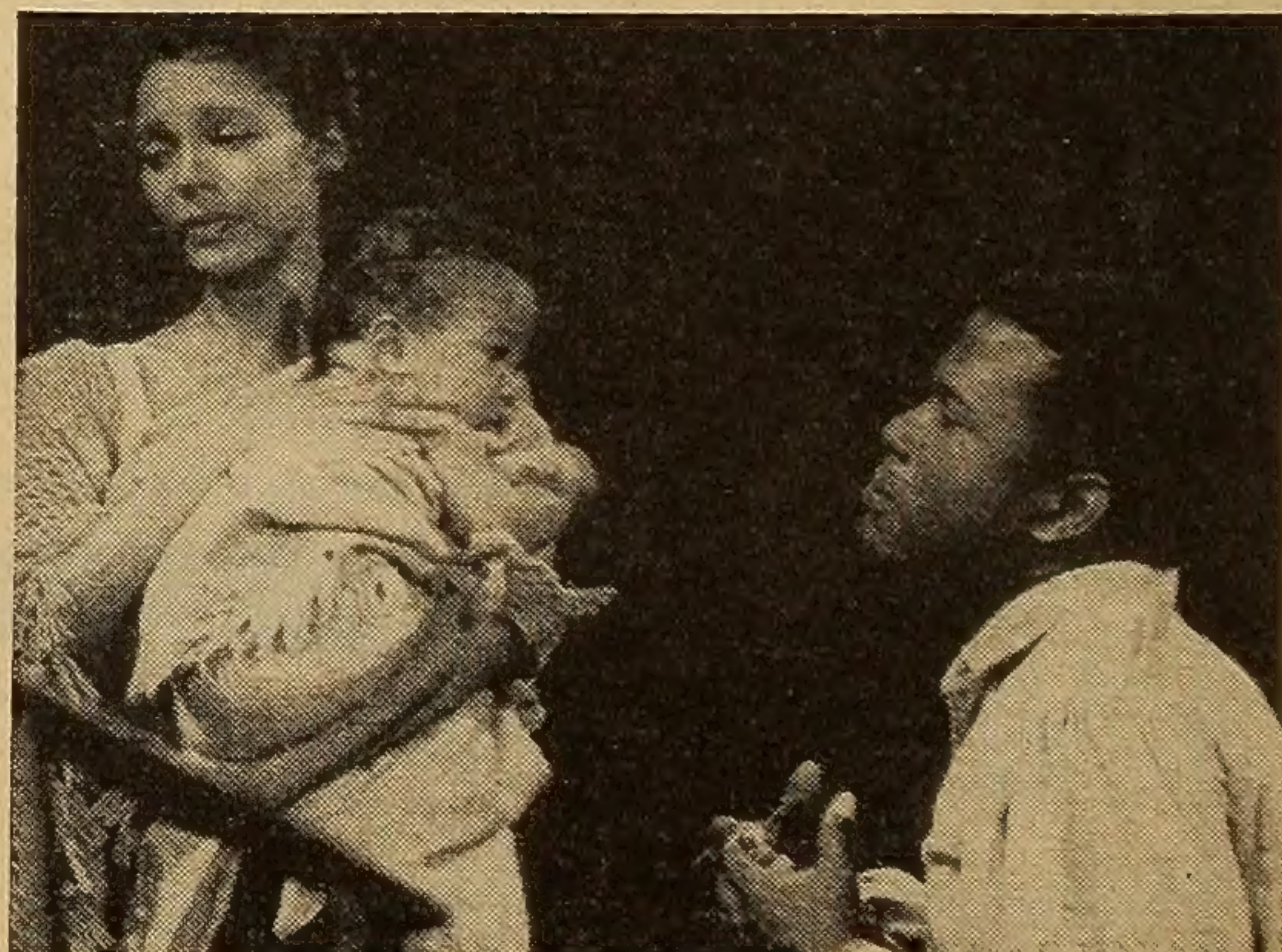
■ Music by Gershwin (George), lyrics by Dubose Heyward and Gershwin (Ira)—the story, an American classic. Just go! Anyway, here's what happens. Catfish Row is the home of Porgy (Sidney Poitier). He has a sensitive mind, a powerful body and deformed legs which are strapped to boards. A goatcart takes him around, but he never goes very far. Life among the Negroes in Charleston, South Carolina in 1912 is poor (and perhaps as vivid) as you'd imagine. Livening up the neighborhood is Sporting Life (Sammy Davis Jr.), a flashy boy who peddles liquor and 'happy dust' (dope). Storekeeper Pearl Bailey, churchwoman Ruth Attaway, Diahann Carroll, her baby and her fisherman husband (Leslie Scott) among others, are there, too. Suddenly into Porgy's life comes love—preceded, of course, by violence. A crap game's going on, attracting the attention of bully Crown (Brock Peters) and his 'wife' Bess (Dorothy Dandridge). A little dispute leads to murder by Crown, who flees, leaving Bess behind. All the doors in Catfish Row slam shut against her. Only Porgy takes her in. It's love for him; for her it's an interesting, touching new experience. A dollar and a half buys her a divorce from Crown. Sporting Life is willing to buy her the world (New York, anyway) if only she'd come with him. To make her easier to persuade he urges her to try some of that 'happy dust.' Bess is a girl men won't let go of. Crown ambushes her one evening on her way home from a picnic, and by the time she returns to Catfish Row she's delirious. Now she wants to stay with Porgy whom she loves—and for a while they're idyllically happy. However, Bess' fate wasn't destined to be calm. Porgy fights for his love; he murders for it; he even chases after it when others think it's too late. Haunting music, beautifully sung and a love story that tears your heart. That's Porgy and Bess.—TECHNICOLOR, TODD AO, SAM GOLDWYN.

SAY ONE FOR ME

*Bing's in the
pulpit again*

Bing Crosby
Debbie Reynolds
Robert Wagner
Ray Walston
Les Tremaine

■ Father Bing Crosby has a parish right off Broadway where he delivers sermons at one in the morning to accommodate his show business parishioners. Among them is Debbie Reynolds who is not interested in the business yet; she seizes the opportunity to break in when her father (Les Tremaine) is removed to a hospital. (Les wants her to finish college and take up a high-class career.) Working for Bob Wagner in his sleazy nightclub is not exactly top billing. Wagner thinks of himself as a ladies' man (the ladies think of him as unbearable) and is forever chasing Debbie with pizza pies and indecent proposals. Wagner's sidekick and pianist is Ray Walston who has a lot of talent which he is preserving in alcohol, but he's retained a clear enough head to know that Debbie's in danger. Father Bing has made some spiritual headway with Ray but he can't handle Wagner, who wants to be handled by Sam Goldwyn or his equivalent. Finally, Bing comes up with an idea: to help sick show folks like Debbie's father, he organizes a star-studded charity benefit for network TV. Wagner's offered a spot on it—if he gives up Debbie. Good singing and dancing.—CINEMASCOPE, PARAMOUNT.

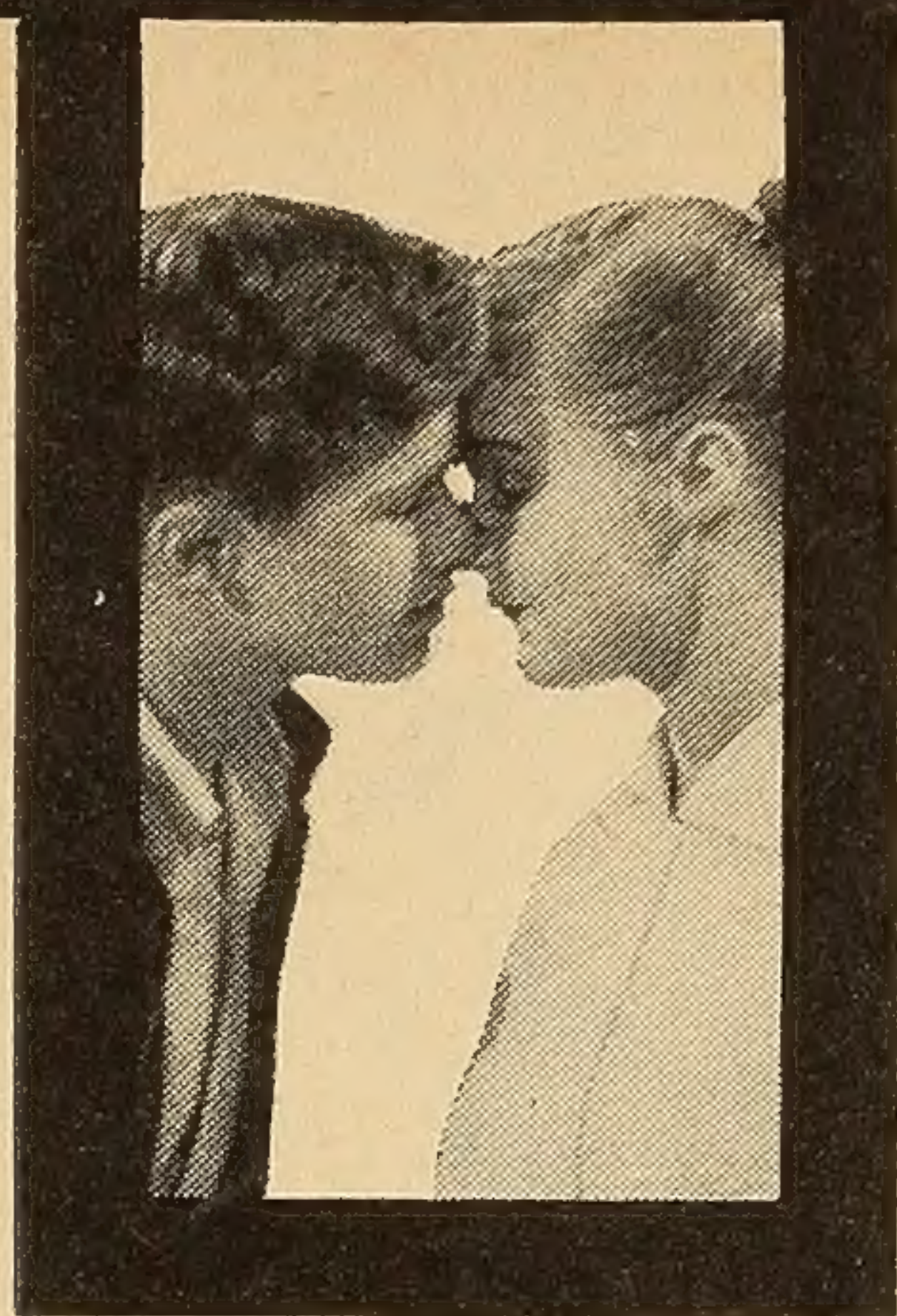


*Even the baby Porgy and Bess have
'adopted' won't keep them together.*

(Continued on page 8)

LISTEN TO THE KIDS
IN THE MOTION PICTURE

"blue denim"



*the lost
Innocence...
the rude
awakening
to what
they had done...*

JANET (AGE 15):

**"Maybe
I could go
to my Aunt
Clara's. She's
over two
hundred miles
away. Maybe I could
just disappear some-
where or—just kill myself..."**



ARTHUR (AGE 16):

**"You're not
going to go
anywhere
— or do
anything.
I'm
responsible and I know
a way out.. I'll take care
of everything..."**

CAROL LYNLEY · BRANDON de WILDE · MACDONALD CAREY · MARSHA HUNT

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by PHILIP DUNNE Screenplay by EDITH SOMMER and PHILIP DUNNE

CINEMASCOPE ²⁰ Century-Fox STEREOPHONIC SOUND

AMERICA'S
MOST
GLAMOROUS
WOMEN
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only
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PLUS TAX

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deluxe size 59c plus tax

Available at leading variety
and drug stores everywhere.

HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • MONTREAL

new movies

(Continued from page 6)

THE HORSE SOLDIERS

another part of
the Civil War

John Wayne
William Holden
Constance Towers
Althea Gibson
Hoot Gibson

■ It looks as if the Union is losing the war (the Civil War) so it's no wonder that Union soldiers don't like the idea of riding 300 miles into enemy territory (poor boys, they think they're heading north for a parade). The situation is: if Grant doesn't take Vicksburg by summer, the South may be victorious. Grant can't take Vicksburg; he can't even get near it. That's why he orders Colonel John Wayne to destroy Newton Station, thus cutting off the railway line that Rebels have been using to send troops into Vicksburg. Wayne sets out on the 300 mile march (by horse). With him is Surgeon-Major William Holden. Naturally Wayne can't stand him. One: Holden rides unarmed; two: Holden has the right to declare soldiers unfit for action, and Wayne has few enough soldiers to start with. As if Holden weren't enough of a thorn in his side, Wayne next acquires the company of plantation owner Constance Towers who, if he doesn't take her along, will betray his plans to the Rebels. He destroys Newton Station, all right, but how's he going to get home? They're shooting all around him. Directed by John Ford, here's he-man stuff, with some old southern charm.—DeLuxe Color, United Artists.

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS

in cha-cha-cha time

Clifton Webb
Jane Wyman
Paul Henreid
Jill St. John
Carol Lynley

■ Clifton Webb's a proper Bostonian—but a psychologist, which ought to even things up. His wife (Jane Wyman) understands him better than any one. She's there to comfort him when their oldest daughter, college girl Jill St. John, goes on a month's study tour of South America. Hysteria sets in when Jill cables from Brazil that she plans to extend the tour under the personal guidance of architect Paul Henreid. Webb, Wyman and their younger daughter, Carol Lynley, rush to Sao Paulo. Hysteria increases when Webb discovers that Henreid is his own age, is famous, never sleeps and seems enamoured of Jill. Jill's in love with his artist son (Niko Minardos) but when Webb meets him, he wishes she'd settle for Henreid. To get Jill away from both men he takes his reluctant family on a sightseeing binge. In Lima he nearly faints at a bullfight. Later, in a nightclub, he gets drunk enough to board a plane for Trinidad (actually, he's carried on). By that time Jill has decided to elope and Carol has met Gary Crosby, a soldier from Georgia, who followed the family across South America—on foot—to propose. Mama Wyman is all for young love; Pop is all in pieces, but rallying by altar time. Wonderful scenery and Webb (plus a brilliant display of dancing by Jose Greco) make a delightful Holiday.—Cinemascope, 20th-Fox.

THE BIG CIRCUS

death-defying acts

Victor Mature
Red Buttons
Rhonda Fleming
Vincent Price
Gilbert Roland

■ Is the day of the circus over? "Maybe," says the bank where Red Buttons works. That's why they don't want to lend any money to impresario Vic Mature. Well, okay, they'll lend him, as long as Buttons goes along on the seasonal tour to protect their investment. Mature tolerates penny-pinching Buttons

(who's mellowed by the sight of Mature's sister, Kathy Grant) but he can't bear the woman press agent forced on him. (That's Rhonda Fleming. Actually, he can bear her very well; it's just her brain that pains him.) Here we are—with Gilbert Roland and his wife who, with David Nelson, form the greatest trapeze act in the world; with clown Peter Lorre, ringmaster Vincent Price, wonderful elephants (painted all colors), the whole exciting works. Trouble is, someone hired by a rival circus owner is busy setting fires, letting lions loose, wrecking trains, doing everything to put Mature out of business. *Nothing* puts Mature out of business. Not even Rhonda who daringly suggests that Gilbert Roland walk over Niagara Falls (on a tightrope) as a publicity stunt. Tragedy, love and thrills aplenty in this old fashioned circus story.—Cinemascope, Allied Artists.

THE ANGRY HILLS

intrigue in Athens

Robert Mitchum
Gia Scala
Elisabeth Mueller
Theodore Bikel
Stanley Baker

■ Foreign correspondent Robert Mitchum arrives in Athens just before it falls to the Nazis (he's been arriving one jump ahead of them everywhere). Not that the war means much to him—he's the cynical type. Waiting to fly to England, he's approached by a Greek patriot (who is later murdered) asking him to deliver a list of underground leaders to London. For \$20,000 Mitchum's glad to do it. Unfortunately, the plane doesn't leave the ground. Athens is occupied and the Nazis are looking for him. His only refuge is a small village where he finds (and is nursed by) Gia Scala. Peace—it's wonderful, but it doesn't last. The Nazis hound him into a nunnery. There, underground worker Elisabeth Mueller comes to help him escape out of Greece. The hitch is: two of her children are held hostage by the Nazis. If she wants, she can use Mitchum to bargain with them. Does she want?—MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

THE NUN'S STORY (Warners): An indulgent but disapproving father (Dean Jagger) watches daughter Audrey Hepburn enter a convent. Before she achieves her goal of nursing nun, the nun's life restricts her independence, fills it with discipline and a new kind of tension. But, later, the jibes of her co-worker in the Congo, Doctor Peter Finch, bring only her religious dedication as answer. With recall to Belgium and the onset of the war, Audrey's strong feelings call for a new decision over her vocation. A subtle, moving treatment of a difficult theme.

THE MIRROR HAS TWO FACES (Continental Films): Michele Morgan, an ugly duckling, is married off by her mom and dad to a miserly schoolteacher (Bourvil). The grateful Michele overlooks the fact that hubby has advertised for his wife, lives with his mother, and mistrusts prettiness. Years later, after an auto accident, Bourvil and Michele run into a surgeon who makes the duckling a swan. The results are interesting; beautiful wife, lunatic husband—murder! In French, with English titles.

ASK ANY GIRL (MGM): Shirley MacLaine, a newcomer in New York, wants to get married. Instead, she is prey to wolves like Rod Taylor, who steal her clothes and snarl her lovelife. Gig Young has the door-to-door part of a consumer research agency shared with brother David Niven. Shirley decides that Gig is it, and the following antics have a new and funny lilt to them.

THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS (Warners) The separation of upper and lower classes in Philadelphia leads to much confusion as to who has fathered whom, and what the best marriages might be, in two generations of high society. Irish Brian Keith loves social Diane Brewster. She marries another but bears Brian's son (Paul Newman). Newman, grown up, wants Barbara Rush and money. Frustrated at getting neither, his ambition makes him a brilliant lawyer and a socialite, gets him involved with blue-blooded Alexis Smith, and in the murder trial of boyhood friend Robert Vaughan. There are a hundred questions to be answered in the lives of these people, and eventually most of them are puzzled out, in this absorbing drama.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Louella becomes a doctor

The truth about Debbie

The most elaborate party



Doctor Parsons with Father Woods. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

The Most Courageous Girl

Debbie Reynolds has more men vying for her smiles now than any other actress in Hollywood but I feel that deep in her heart she isn't as happy as she appears. She is trying to put a smiling face to the world. **Eva Gabor**, who has become very close to Debbie, told me that Debbie is the most courageous girl she has ever known. She said, "I was prepared not to like her. I thought she would be almost too good, but I found out she doesn't feel sorry for herself and doesn't want the sympathy of anyone. She knows **Eddie Fisher** and **Elizabeth Taylor** are married and that's a closed chapter in her life."

There have been all sorts of rumors about this one and that one, the most ridiculous, of

course, is that she and **Glenn Ford** have been having a secret romance. When this gossip grew so loud it could no longer be ignored, Glenn, himself, telephoned me.

"This gossip is too ridiculous to dignify with a denial," he told me heatedly. What a shame that when two people have a nice association making a picture as Debbie and I did on *It Started with a Kiss*, lots of fun and lots of clowning around, it's turned into something vicious."

Then, along came the announcement from MGM that Debbie and Glenn will be teamed in a second picture, *The Gazebo*—and up crops all the wild talk again.

When I called Debbie, just before she took off for New York, for a visit with Eva Gabor, some fun, and a much needed rest (she hoped), she said, "Yes, I'd love to work with

Glenn again—but I can't possibly meet a July starting date. I'm so tired. I can't tell you how tired I am. Before I even think of making another picture, I want to take the children and go to Honolulu where I'll just sit, and sit, and sit."

In New York, Debbie's old friend Bob Neal, the Texas millionaire, presented her with a diamond pin. You'd have thought he presented her with the crown jewels of England with all the publicity it occasioned! "Oh, dear me," Debbie said, "it was just a nice gesture from a friend."

And this isn't all. When it became known that another millionaire, Harry Karl, was going to be in Honolulu on business almost all the time Debbie was there—headlines again! And Debbie just keeps saying, "Oh, dear me—dear me."

Debbie arrives with the children in Honolulu where she's going to just sit and sit and sit.

For the time being at least, Lauren Bacall is keeping her word that she will not come back.

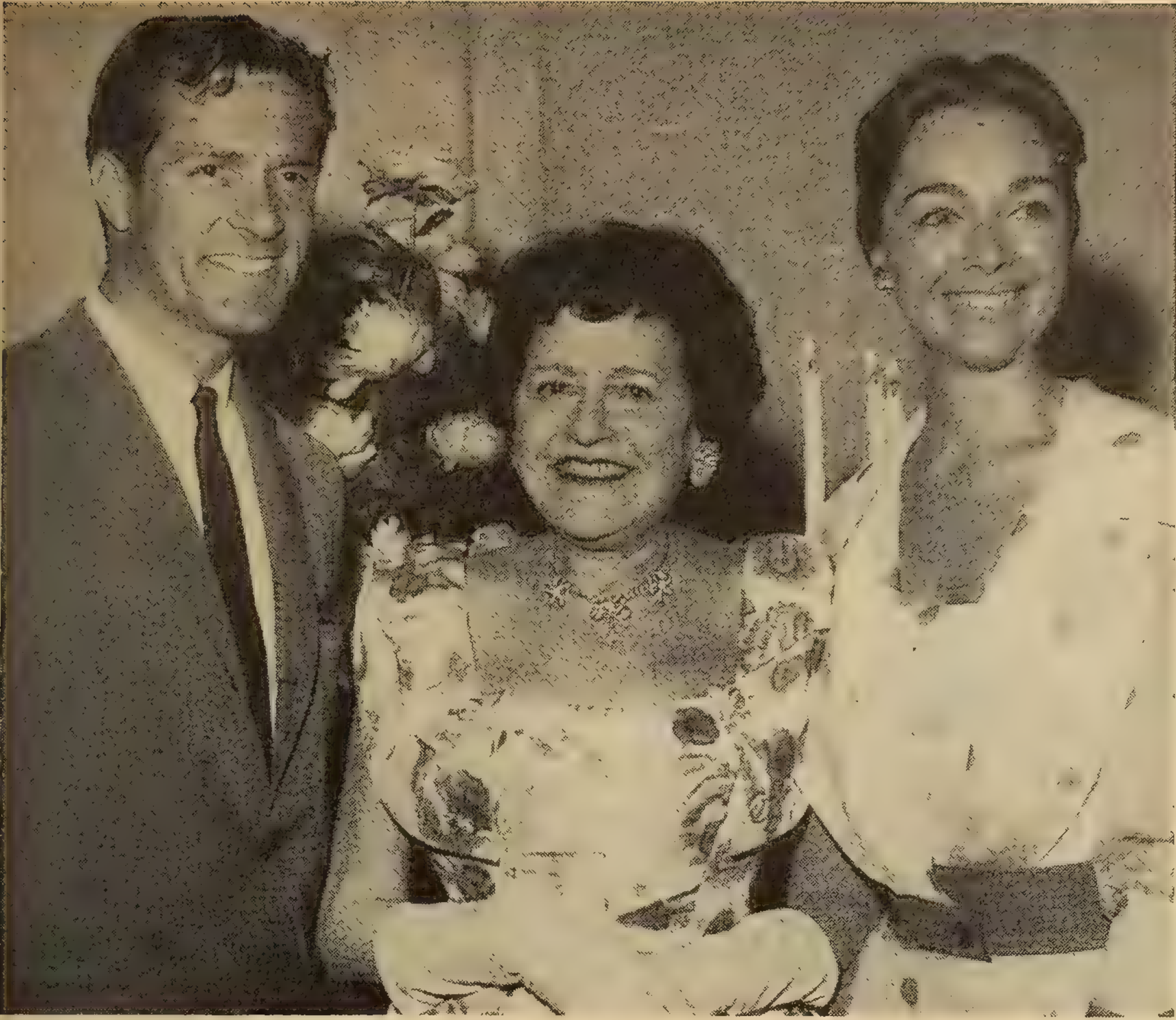


Lauren Today

When **Lauren Bacall** left Hollywood she told all her chums she wouldn't be back. She had just gone through her unhappy romance with **Frank Sinatra** and Betty was more unhappy than she cared to have the world know.

Obviously for the time being at least, Betty is keeping her word. When she returns to the U.S.A. the last of August, she stays right in

New York to go into rehearsal of *Goodbye Charlie*, a George Axelrod comedy which Leland Hayward is bringing to Broadway. There's a bit of sentiment in Betty's doing a play for Leland. It was the present Mrs. Hayward, then 'Slim' Hawks, who saw a portrait of Betty in a fashion magazine and persuaded Howard Hawks to put her in a picture called *To Have and Have Not* at which time she played opposite **Humphrey Bogart** and met him for the first time. The famous gold whistle, which was buried with Bogey, figured in this picture.



Hugh O'Brian and Joan Weldon were on hand in Chicago to congratulate Louella on receiving her doctorate from Quincy College.

One Bright Side for Audrey

The sadness of **Audrey Hepburn** in losing her expected baby had one bright side. Her doctors in Switzerland told her she and **Mel Ferrer** could have other children.

"There is nothing to prevent you from having a family," said one of the important medics. Paramount is expecting Audrey to fulfill her commitment with them and make *No Bail for the Judge*, an Alfred Hitchcock production. She has told friends she does not want to make this picture because she doesn't like the role.



Audrey's doctors have told her that there is nothing to prevent her from having a family.

It's Doctor Parsons now

JUST HEARD ABOUT YOUR DEGREE. THRILLED TO HAVE THE ONLY FAN MAGAZINE WITH A DOCTOR WRITING ITS GOSSIP. SERIOUSLY, YOU DESERVE THE HONOR AND I'M TERRIBLY HAPPY FOR YOU. LOVE (SIGNED) AL.

This, my friends, is the telegram I received from your friend and mine, Al Delacorte, young guiding editorial light of the Dell Publications. It was one of the first messages to arrive after it was made public that I was to receive an honorary Doctor of Letters degree at Quincy College, Quincy, Illinois, my native state!

To state that I was proud and thrilled goes without saying. But I also felt unworthy, and, as I said in my speech at the commencement exercises, "I don't know what I have done to deserve this honor."

In retrospect, although it was just a few weeks ago, it seems like a wonderful dream: the surprise and pleasure of receiving that first notification from Father Julian Woods—"We would like to honor you because of the wonderful leadership you have demonstrated in your profession"; the added honor of learning I would be the first woman in the nearly 100-year history of the Franciscan college to receive an honorary doctorate; the flying trip back to Illinois with a small party made up of my immediate family and closest friends—will always be a memory deep in my heart.

I have a little saying, "It's nice to receive the flowers while you can still smell them"—and I never meant it more than on this glorious trip.

Before and after the trip to Quincy, in the private car of the President of the Santa Fe Railroad, there was the excitement of being in my former 'home town,' Chicago, and seeing old and new friends at party after party.

Remember **Colleen Moore**, the idol of the flapper days? If you don't, your young mother will. Colleen came to the party given by my good friends of the Ambassador Hotel, the Frank Berings and Jimmy Harts—and she just looks wonderful. She told me she was just back from a trip to Russia with her son and daughter-in-law. How time flies!

And, then—my girl **Judy Garland** happened to be in Chicago appearing triumphantly at the Opera House, and of course she came to wish me well.

Also **Hugh O'Brian**, **Red Skelton**, **Joe E. Brown** and so many, many others among old and dear friends I hadn't seen since my newspaper days in Chicago.

I hope I don't sound boastful about this honor. I do not mean to sound that way.

It's just that having written for you young, medium and older readers of *MODERN SCREEN* for fifteen years, I am used to sharing many of my experiences with you as I look on all of you as my friends as well as my readers.

And thank you again, Al, for your telegram.
(signed) Doctor Parsons

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



The party gave Gary Cooper and Rocky a chance to say goodbye to all their friends.



Tony still wore a cast on his right leg, but Janet wore a long, very formal black chiffon and diamonds . . .



Anne and Kirk Douglas are always so attentive to one another at parties.



PARTY of the month

The most elaborate party I've ever attended in a private home was hosted by young David May and his lovely wife, Rita, in honor of Tom May, father of David, on Tom's 76th birthday. Tom heads the May Department Stores.

To start with the young Mays have a beautiful modern Hawaiian home on the old May estate right in the heart of Beverly Hills. Decorated by William Haines and boasting the most beautiful fruitwood floors I have ever seen, it was a perfect setting for the early summer night festivities.

Rita had personally supervised the novel decorations including the long, narrow twenty foot white lanterns suspended over the swimming pool.

So cleverly had they been strung up that no wires could be detected, giving the effect of lights suspended from the night sky.

Pink and red peonies in mass profusion were everywhere. After cocktails by the pool, we were invited into the piece de resistance—an enormous pale pink tent complete with dance floor, Bernie Richards' dance band, and formally appointed place settings for over two hundred guests.

Before I tell you about all the beautifully turned out movie stars who enjoyed this lovely affair, I must speak of Tom's birthday cake—two life-size display window 'dummies,' one representing Tom in dinner clothes, and a beautiful blonde 'dummy,' dressed in the height of style, whose entire torso was made of birthday cake!

The first star to catch my eye when I arrived was **Shirley MacLaine**, already playing *Gin Rummy*!

No matter how formal the affair nor how dolled up she is (the redheaded pixie was wearing a Dior of brocaded silk)—Shirley plays *Gin Rummy* from the time she arrives to the time she leaves. I must look up Emily Post on this and see what an etiquette expert has to say about this.

Next unusual sight to catch my attention was **Tony Curtis** in the top of his dinner jacket, evening shirt, black-tie and all—but with dark Bermuda shorts, a cast on his right leg, and a long black stocking on the other! Of course, everyone knew about poor Tony's accident, slipping and fracturing his leg—but he certainly created something new in apparel

for evening wear for the crippled!

Janet Leigh said she was making up for him in formality by wearing a long, very formal black chiffon with diamonds, one of the few long gowns worn by the belles.

Those two cut-ups, **Jack Benny** and **George Burns** were amusing large groups clustered around them. **Gracie** looked like a doll in pink although **Mary (Livingston)** was ill and couldn't attend.

Rhonda Fleming, back to her red hair after being blonde, looked quite regal in white chiffon. Her beau was Harry Karl.

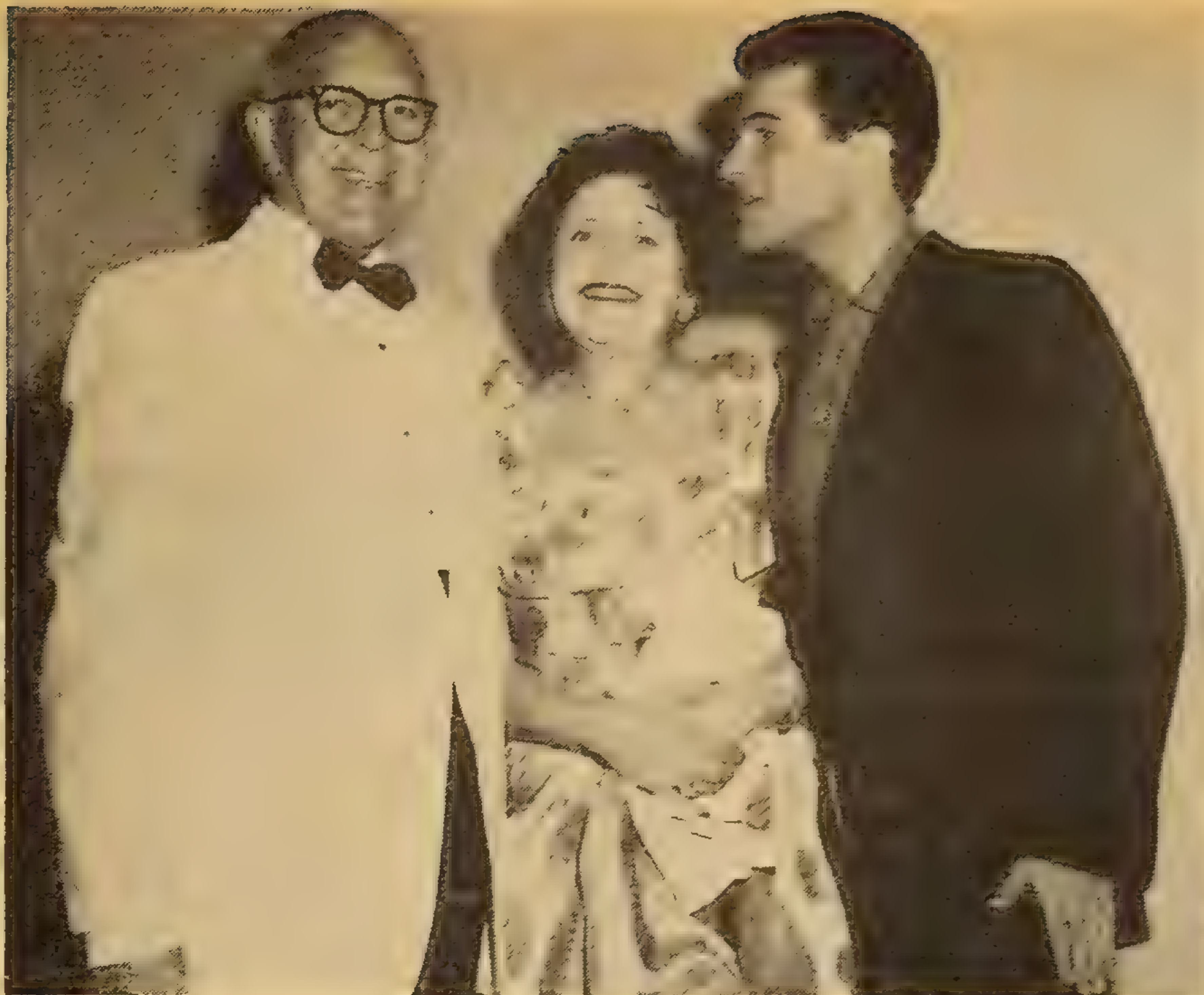
Gary Cooper said it was nice of the Mays to have a party this night as it gave him a chance to say goodbye to all his friends before leaving for London early the next morning for *The Wreck of the Mary Deare*. Rocky and daughter Maria were joining him in a week.

Joanne Dru was with the devoted **Lew Ayres**. This romance is becoming serious.

Anne (Mrs. Kirk) Douglas was a fashion plate in a short but elegant yellow dress. She and Kirk are always so attentive to one another at parties—not always true of Hollywood marrieds.

Tommy at the Waldorf

My young favorite, **Tommy Sands**, was cheered by the teen-agers when he sang at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria in New York. He was also a guest at a large cocktail party Margaret Ettinger gave in my honor. Saw many old friends there. **Dinah Shore**, on her way to Europe, was as excited as a sixteen-year-old at having a vacation. She and her daughter, Missy, went on ahead, sailing on the *Liberte*, and **George** flew over and joined them in Rome. Dinah came to the party in the yummiest peach colored dress with coat to match. I was glad to welcome **Steve Allen** with **Jayne** and **Audrey Meadows** on his arm, **William Gargan**, **David Niven**, **Jim Backus**, **Red Buttons**, **Basil Rathbone**, **Hermione Gingold**, **Sir Cedric Hardwicke**, **Walter Winchell** and many others.



Tommy Sands was cheered by the teenagers when he sang at the Waldorf Astoria—and by Jimmy McHugh and me.

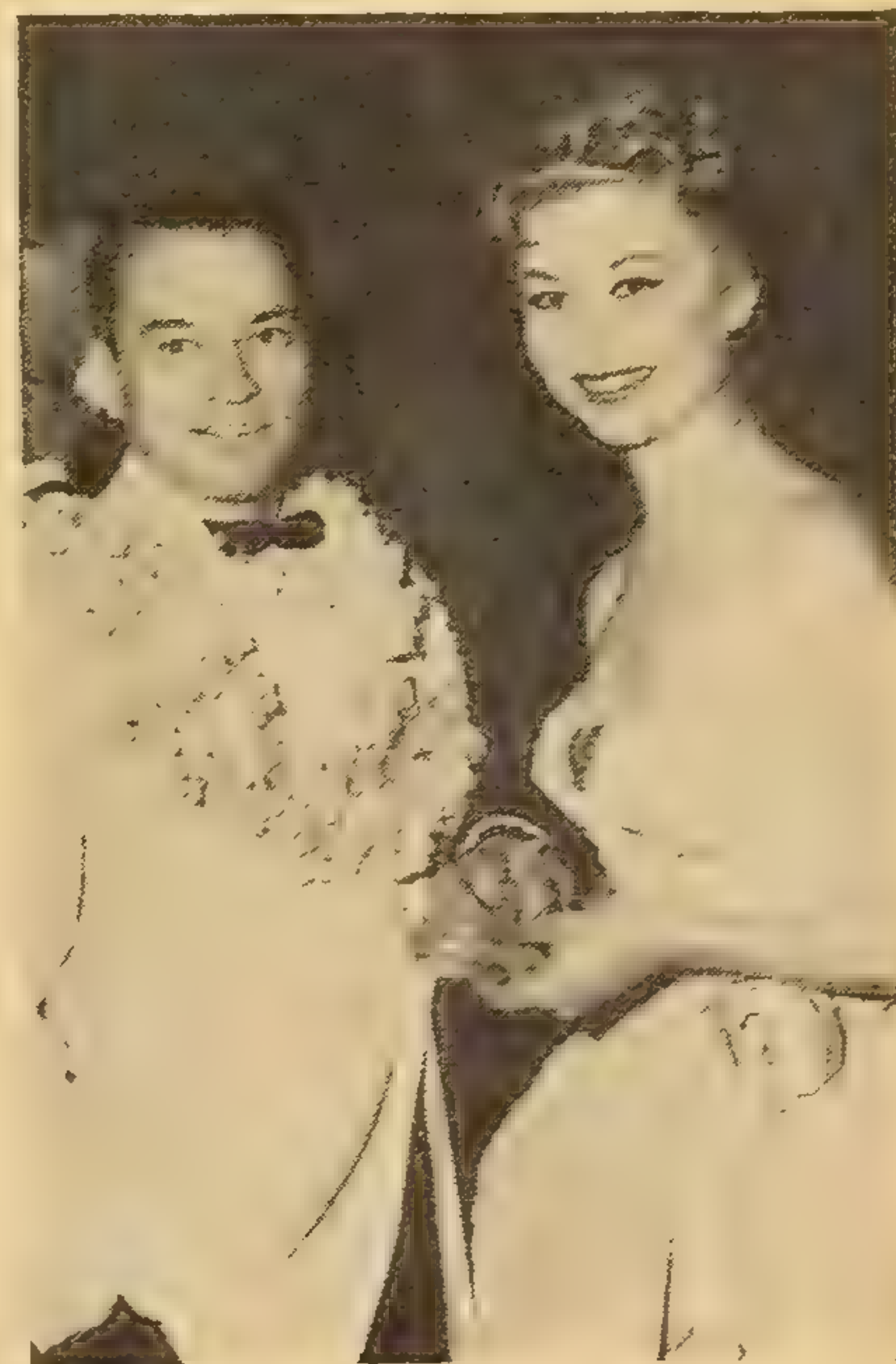
Party at the Stork Club

Another New York party, which many of our visitors from Hollywood attended, was the one given by **Dolores Gray** and **Jon Whitcomb** at the Stork Club to celebrate their joint birthdays. **Mitzi Gaynor**, who has turned out to be a fashion plate, was there with her husband, **Jack Bean**. Our Hollywood girl is very popular in New York. **Eva Gabor**, who seems to be everywhere with **Dick Brown** and admits he's the one she cares for most, arrived early and left early. **Miyoshi Umeki**, the little Japanese girl who plays a Chinese in the Broadway musical *Flower Drum Song*, has a contract to appear in the play to January, 1960, and the producers tell me they hope she'll stay longer. Looks like it will run forever. Many of the guests came directly from their shows to congratulate Dolores and Jon.



Dolores Gray and Jon Whitcomb celebrated their joint birthdays together.

Fashion plate Mitzi added her best birthday wishes.



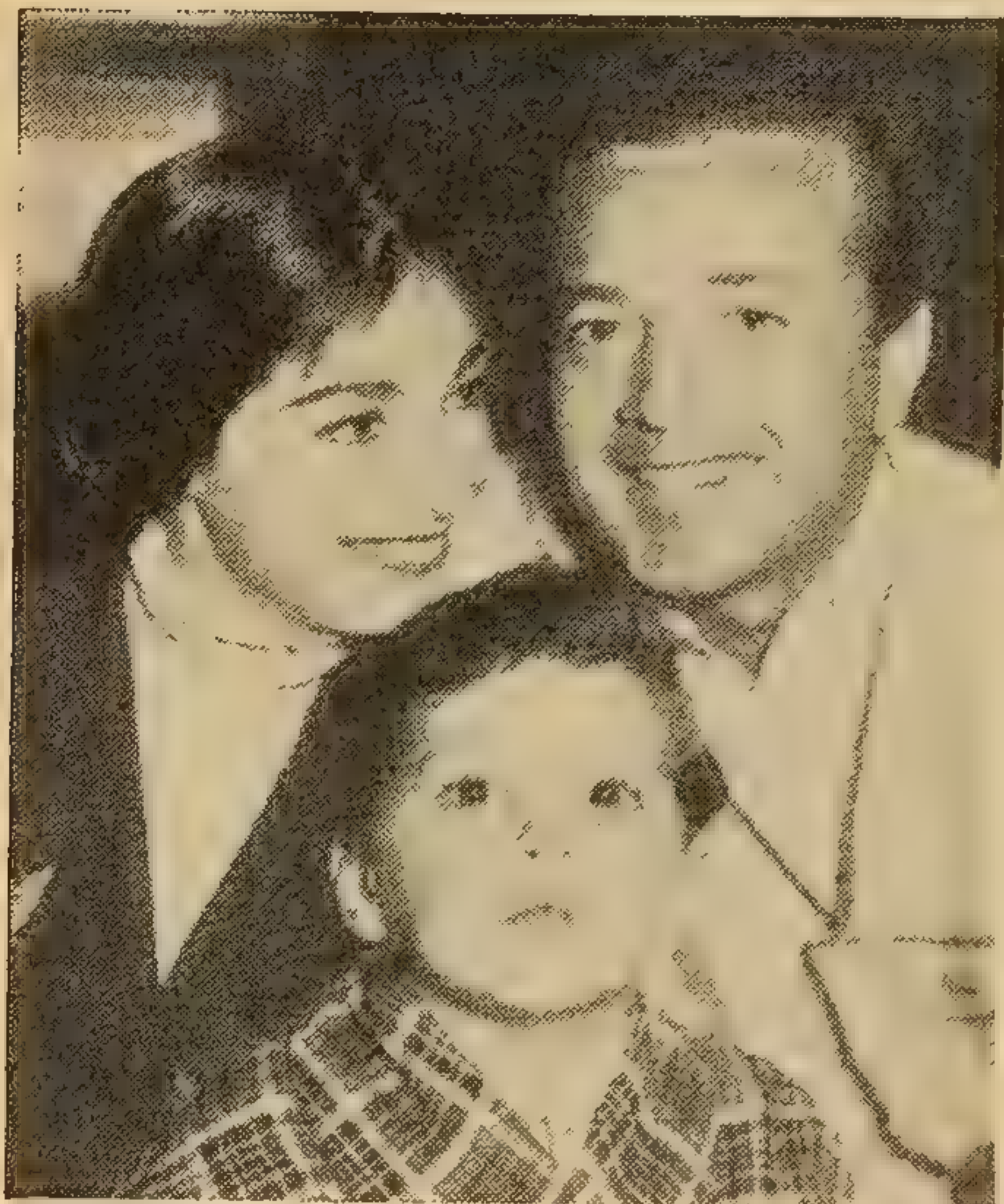
Pretty Miyoshi Umeki came directly from her hit show.



Eva Gabor, Dick Brown and Bob Lewine arrived early.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Pier, Vic and Perry: love's brought family harmony again.

OPEN LETTER

To Pier and Vic:

Now that you two have kissed and made up (and no one is more delighted than I am because I've always thought you were still in love, even after Pier sued for divorce) try to remember one thing:

Every time you have a little tiff—and there will be others because no marriage is perfect—don't rush into print saying bitter and mean things about one another.

Every family has its problems. The whole world now knows that one of yours was mother-in-law trouble, Vic even having authored a national magazine article blaming

Pier's mother, Mrs. Pierangeli, for being the bone of contention between them. Nor was Mrs. Pierangeli any too silent herself.

But this is beside the point. The solving of this situation is your personal affair and should be accomplished in the heart of the home—not on the front pages of newspapers or in gossip columns.

You owe this attempt at family harmony to your little three-year-old son, Perry. And you owe it to yourselves.

I realize you are both young and handsome Italians—and hot headed. But if you are going to insure your future happiness you must learn to control those hot words of anger every time something goes wrong.

But enough of scolding words. I admire you for putting stubborn pride to the side and realizing that you love each other enough to give your marriage another chance.

May you be successful . . . and silent.



Worried Rex Harrison is planning to devote his days to Kay.

Grave Reports From London

Difficult to picture gay, happy **Kay Kendall** of *Les Girls* as a very sick girl. Yet reports from London are very grave. She is suffering from a blood disease which saps her strength. **Rex Harrison** is so worried about her he plans to take time off and devote his days to making her as comfortable as possible.

Sal as Gene Krupa

"Sal, I hope you're getting paid plenty for your Australian tour—this telephone call is costing you a fortune," I said laughingly to **Sal Mineo** who called me from half way around the world and talked a full thirty minutes.

"Don't worry, I don't care what it costs—I'm so glad I won my point about the *Gene Krupa Story*," said my brown-eyed friend, laughing, too.

What had brought on this costly call is that 14 Sal had just learned that, despite his youth,

he'll play Krupa as a married man as well as in his younger days as a musician.

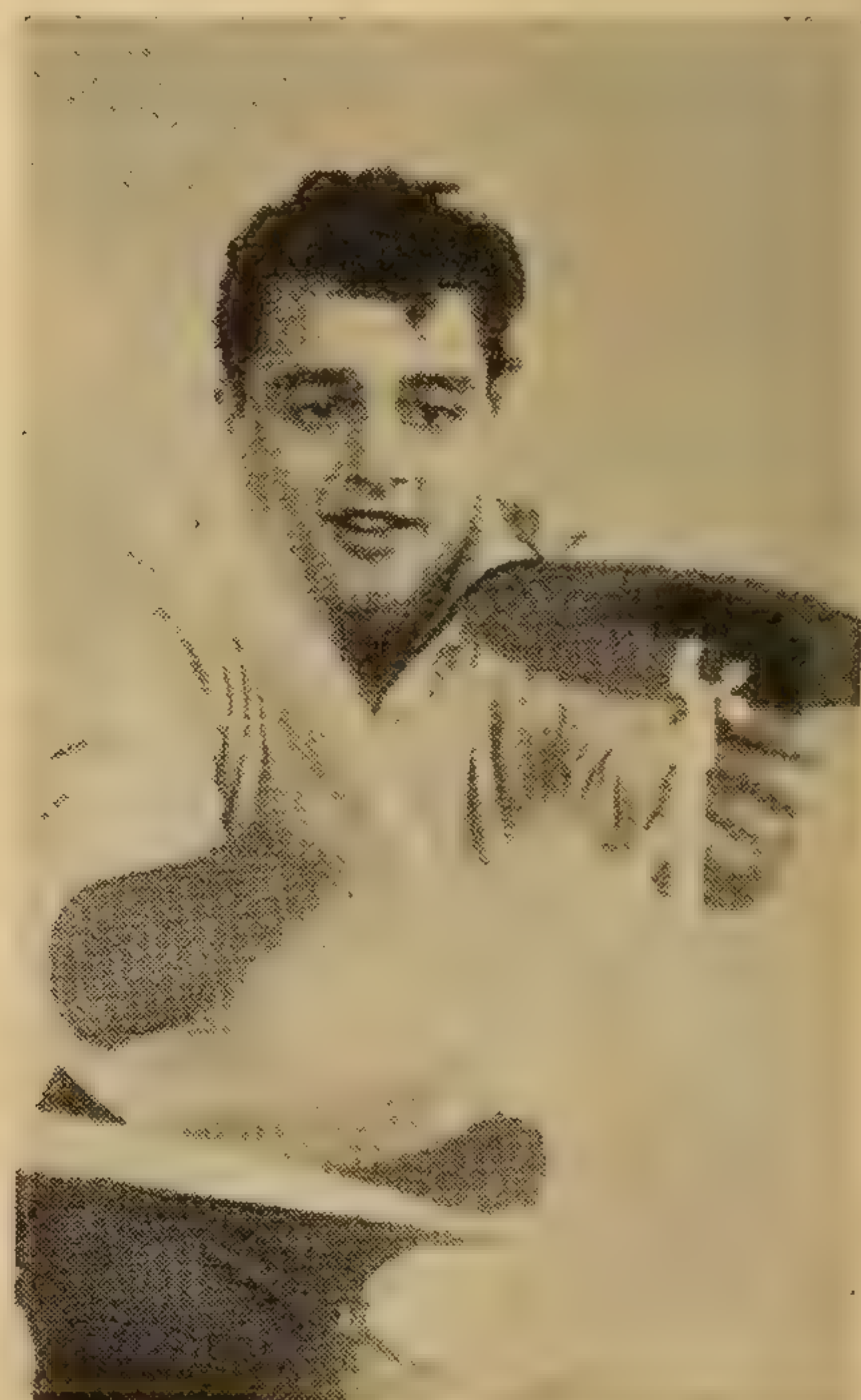
"If they had insisted on making Krupa an unmarried man, I just wouldn't have reported for work," Sal went on; "I'd have gone to Tokyo and let them find somebody else for the part." This, I doubt. Sal wants that Krupa part like he never wanted another movie.

"How do you like the Australian fans?" I put in now that the Krupa issue had been settled.

"They are great!" he enthused. "So far they've torn three tuxedos off my back!"

"And you like that?"

"Doesn't everybody?" he cracked back.



*Sal won his point about the *Gene Krupa Story*.*

Rock 'n' Roll in Hollywood

Who says rock 'n' roll is on the wane? Not I. With seventeen-year-old **Fabian** (Fabian Forte, singin' son of a Philadelphia policeman) heading to Hollywood to star in *Hound Dog Man* for 20th and his pal **Frankie Avalon** (another hit rock 'n' roller already at Warners for his first movie) our town is jumpin'.

The Hollywood hangout for these young musicians is the Villa Capri, haunted almost nightly by **Jimmy Boyd** and **Lindsay Crosby** and usually by the other Crosby boys plus a group of composers.

Jimmy Boyd and Linny Crosby have a gag they pull at the Capri: They send cocktails made of milk to their friends with their compliments!

But most of the time they're gathered around Morty Jacobs, the piano player, doing a little close harmony until the Villa closes.

Frankie and his sweaters

Speaking of **Frankie Avalon**, I get a kick out of these kids being so 'hep' about their careers. Before Frankie was finished in *Guns of the Timberland*, Warners submitted two new scripts to him. But he tells me he turned them both down.

"They're period pieces," he scoffed. "I need something where I can show off my fancy sweaters and sharp outfits my fans expect of me."

Out of the mouths of babes!—yet.



I nominate for
STARDOM

Alena Murray:

Not just because she's young and beautiful in the Grace Kelly tradition, not because she has a 20th contract and a really good role in *The Best of Everything*, not entirely because of her talent.

But this girl definitely has that certain something—that flair for attracting attention when she walks into a room, be it a movie set or a Hollywood nightclub with an escort like the distinguished Conrad Hilton.

And she also has the gift (as far as the press is concerned) of being good copy.

Life has not always been as bright for her as it is today—but she doesn't try to hide the sad or bad spots. Less than two years ago when she was struggling for a foothold on the

Margaret's Wedding

We were short on June brides this year, **Barbara Rush** (the new Mrs. Warren Cowan) being the only big name to be wed in the traditional month.

When I asked **Margaret O'Brien** why she and Roger Allen didn't select June and chose August (8th) instead, the little Irish girl said: "I don't want anything about our marriage to be routine." She is very much in love with the young commercial art student and she told me quite seriously that if he joins a New York advertising company following his graduation here, she'll make her home in the East. "I could commute for movies—meanwhile do-

ing TV or the stage in New York."

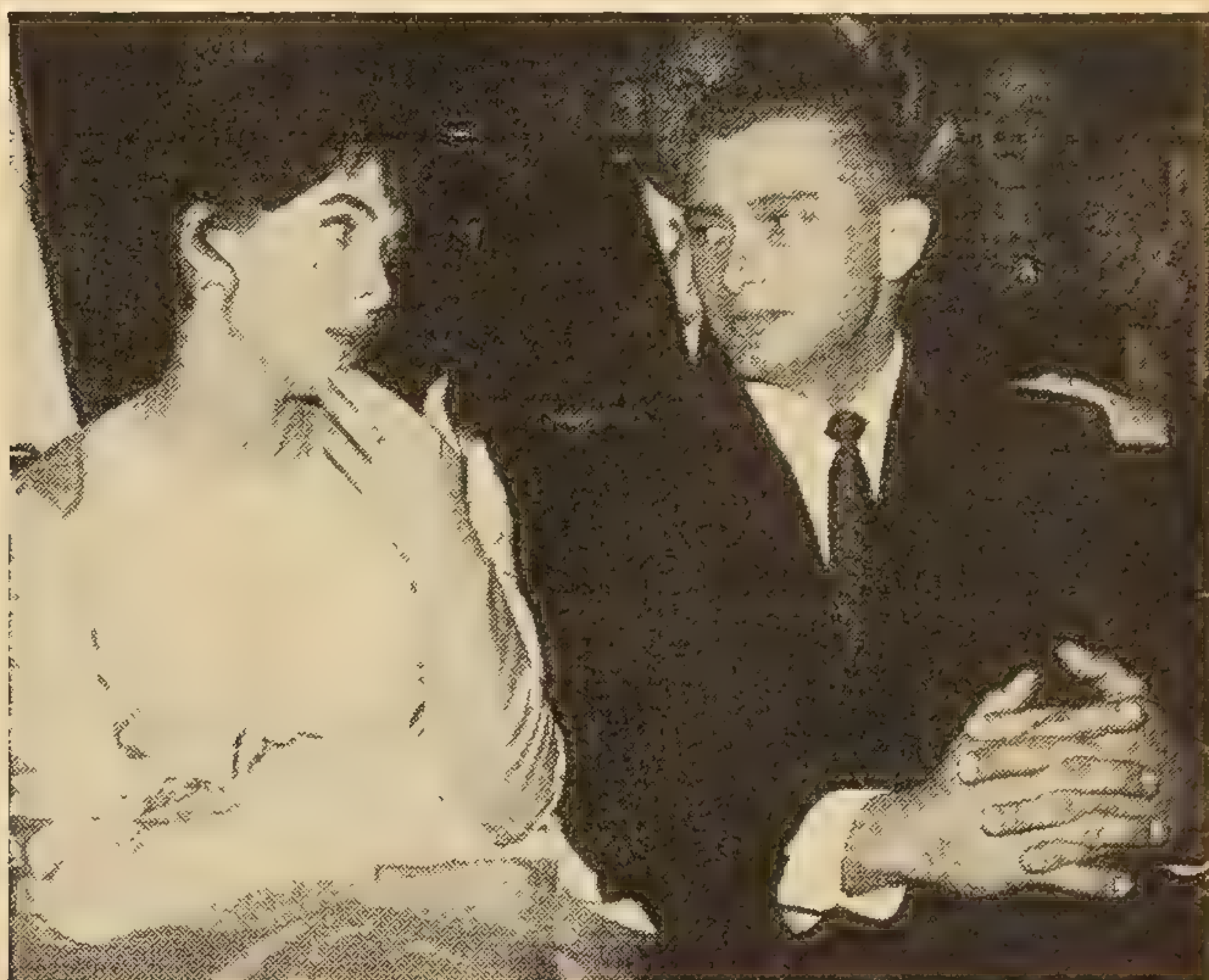
But the present holds excitement enough for Margaret. Simonetta, the Italian designer, is making her white wedding gown with long veil, 'the old fashioned kind.'

Her bridesmaids will be **Anna Maria Alberghetti** and Jean Allen, sister of the bridegroom and the nuptial mass will be said in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills.

She's very sentimental about the fact that her reception and wedding dinner will be given by George Lim, the beaming Oriental host of the Kowloon cafe at the Kowloon. George was a good friend of Margaret's late and beloved mother, Gladys, and since her death he has been very kind to Margaret.



Frankie's hep about his career—and his wardrobe.



No routine marriage for Margaret O'Brien and Roger Allen. August 8 is the date.

ladder of fame, she was stricken very ill. On Christmas day she was rushed to a Los Angeles hospital for a major operation for what was feared to be a malignancy.

Alone, and far away from her family in Canada, Alena is quick to say that no one will ever know what she went through until she gradually came to and heard the voice of a nurse saying over and over in her ear, "You are all right, dear. You are all right. It is not cancer."

She says from that moment on, she was reborn. "I returned my thanks to God and knew in my heart I would never again be doubtful of life being a beautiful gift. And health and peace of mind are the greatest gifts of all."

Alena came up to movie attention the usual way—TV shows in New York, some modeling, an offer from Warner Bros. and then a bigger chance at 20th. You'll see her briefly in *Say One For Me*—then quite prominently in *Best of Everything*.

Alena Murray definitely has that something that makes good copy.



LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

It Could Happen Only in Hollywood Department

Esther Williams, dining at the Beverly Derby with her ex, **Ben Gage**, with whom she is very friendly again these evenings, gave him a nice friendly peck on the cheek when they finished dinner and he left for a business appointment. "I'll see you soon," called Esther cheerfully waving off her ex.

Then, she called the captain and ordered another dinner for two to take to the ball game. Sure enough, right on the dot, up drove **Jeff Chandler**, picking up Esther and the box lunches, and off they went!

Natalie and the Burglar Alarm

Not yet sure of all the buttons and switches in their new home, **Natalie Wood** reached out in the middle of the night to turn on a light (she thought) and set off a burglar alarm that awakened the whole neighborhood. "It sounded like the Russians were in Bel Air," said poor Natalie, her face very red.

At least, neighbor **Mike Romanoff** didn't hold it against her. The very next night he showed up with two waiters to serve **Nat** and **Bob Wagner** a complete dinner, from caviar to champagne, from Romanoff's Restaurant, so the bone-and-back weary movers could dine in luxury while they nursed their aches!



Esther Williams and Ben Gage are very friendly again.



Was Nat's face red when she woke up the whole neighborhood in the middle of the night.

LETTER BOX

Maybe you are surprised getting a letter from a PFC, U.S. Army, stationed in BAMBERG, GERMANY, writes PFC GERALD BENTLEY. But a lot of us read MODERN SCREEN and like your column—particularly the Letter Box. Got a big kick out of that letter from SIMONE who wrote: "The newest thing in Hollywood seems for the deceased's best friend to start consoling the widows as witness **Rock Hudson** dating **Mrs. Tyrone Power** and **Eddie** and **the widow Todd** getting married." . . .

HARRIET BAKER, BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS, wants me to list some stars who wear glasses in private life. Tell you a little secret, Harriet. Many glamour girls wear glasses—but don't emphasize it. But among those who don't care if you know they resort to specs are **Dorothy Malone**, **Virginia Mayo**, **Joan Bennett**—and, I believe, **Doris Day**. . . .

I'm trying to write, not act, my way to fame, writes **DONNA COLHRING**, RENFREW, PA., and

I have a certain person in mind, a man I have always admired, I'd like to have for a boss—**Sam Goldwyn**! Take a bow, Sam. . . .

There's a new trend in the mail this month—much mention of the established stars after months of **Ricky Nelson**, **Elvis**, **Fabian**, **Tommy Sands**, **Sal Mineo**:

LUPE AQUIRRE, SUTHERLAND SPRINGS, TEXAS, requests—Please, more about **Sophia Loren**, **Deborah Kerr**, **Bill Holden**, **Gary Cooper**, **Jimmy Stewart**. Many of us are growing weary of a steady diet of the doings of the teenagers' delights. . . .

PEPPY PETERS, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, adds: Not a single story about my favorite **Gregory Peck** on the stands this month. . . .

ALICE BYRNES, SEATTLE, snipes: Do you think it possible to put out just one issue of a movie magazine without mention of **Liz-Eddie-Debbie**, **Kim Novak**, or **Tony Curtis**? Nope.

From **GARY, IND.**, **CAROL CAVE** feels sure she understands **Monty Clift** as few do: How can people be so blind when it is so clear that all this great actor needs is love and encouragement—not slander! I want him to know that there is one person in this

world who truly understands him. **Carol**, I'm afraid your words prove what has often been said of **Monty**, "He brings out the maternal in women" (or girls). . . .

SUE LICATO has a word of encouragement to **Tuesday Weld**, lambasted recently for smoking at her tender years: I've noticed that people frequently criticize others for things they'd like to do themselves. At least, Tuesday isn't a hypocrite—and that's more than I can say for some other fifteen-year-olds. . . .

A wistful letter from **MILDRED VILLAVICENCIO**, who lives at 209 K. LUNA ST., LA PAZ, PHILIPPINES. She has been a very sick girl and her illness has used up the money that might be spent for copies of MODERN SCREEN. If you care to help lighten her days, perhaps you can mail her some of your copies. . . .

EDYTHE WALTER, CLEVELAND, opines: The greatest new star on the horizon today is **James Garner**. Great as "Maverick" he'll be even greater as a movie star in "Cash McCall". May he never be off screen or TV.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give style-support for the flippy casual look of "Social Whirl."

For the new, softly controlled look of "Melody," Bobbi waves in style-support to keep it trim and tidy.

Style-support is the key to the lifted crown cap of "Missy"—soft and young. With improved Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting



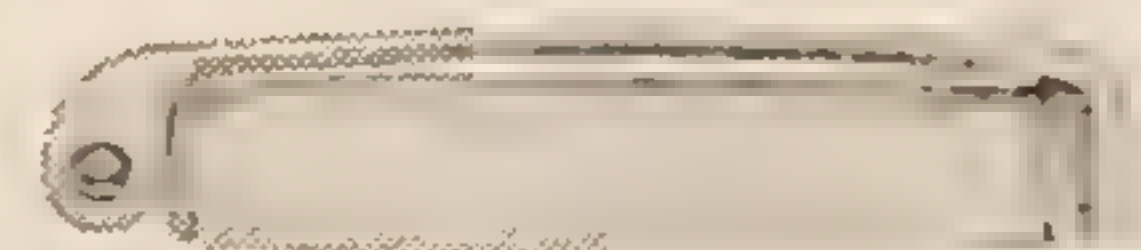
The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

The only permanent with 3 kinds of curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs!

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and there's no re-setting. Just brush out natural-looking waves right from the start. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50. Look for the bright pink box.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.



KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

Smart girls choose this new, more modern protection

Life is so wonderful—why miss a minute of it? There's no need to, if you count on Kotex for your feminine protection . . . most girls do. You're extra confident with Kotex napkins—for a very good reason. Gentle Kotex has the Kimlon center which protects better, protects longer—gives you wonderful assurance when you need it most.

New Kotex napkins . . . choice of most girls



THE LOVE LIFE OF DEBBIE REYNOLDS

With millionaires in a night-time land of smoke, laughs and glitter →



A tête-à-tête with Harry Karl



Debbie has

*joined a world
she always hated,
a world whose
inhabitants search
for excitement,
seek to forget, and
seldom find love...*



THE LOVE LIFE OF DEBBIE REYNOLDS

When she was married, she was crazy about a particular living room chair. Don't laugh. It was a big, comfortable chair, the right size for two people to curl up in, and it was like a symbol of her marriage. There were times when he and she would sit in that chair, listening to some moony record about a poor guy who was lost out there in the stars, and Debbie would feel so unlost, herself, so completely found, in fact, that she'd cry for everybody who wasn't her.

Lovers con themselves. Maybe they have to. Even when the party's over a celebrant doesn't always know. Sometimes she has to read about it in the papers.

Debbie got the word that way—out of the *Times*, and the *News*, and, most probably, the *Police Gazette*. She took it like a lady and a sport. She fed her husband hot soup the day he walked out on her, and she never uttered an ugly word about his new beloved. She okayed a divorce, she went to Spain to make a movie and she came back, but with a difference.

(Continued on page 65)



with Bob Neal



■ Roger Smith was eighteen, and about to leave home.

He'd packed a suitcase, restrung the old beat-up guitar he'd always liked to play, and he stood now on the front porch of the Nogales, Arizona, home where he lived with his parents, saying good-bye to them.

His mom was crying.

introducing

His father was angry and confused and his hands were shoved deep into his pockets.

"Roger," his father asked, "you've had a good life here, haven't you?"

"I've told you, Dad—I have," the boy said.

"Then why, why do you want to leave?"

He'd asked this question before, this whole past week, a hundred times, and more.

He'd told his son that it was foolish, silly and bad thinking—to want to leave college, to want to leave his home and his family and his friends, not to want to continue in the family business someday—a very successful and respectable tailoring business, to want to take off like this.

"Do you think," his father asked now, as he'd asked before, "do you think the streets of Los Angeles are paved with gold?"

"Maybe," Roger said.

"Do you think the air is fresher and better there, that your life is going to be any better than if you stayed here?"

"I don't know, Dad," Roger said. "I only know that I've got to go."

He tried to smile.

He looked at both his folks.

"Mom, Dad," he said,

ROGER SMITH

...and his beautiful wife, Victoria

"there's something calling me to leave here. What it is, I don't know. But someplace inside me there's a call—to get up, to go. And I'm going."

"A call," his father said, shaking his head. "A call."

"Maybe that's the wrong word, Dad," Roger said. "I don't know. But there's *something* beckoning me on. It's like a whisper. It says, 'Go, Roger, now . . . Go!' I've heard it in my brain for a long time. I tried to ignore it at first. But I can't, not any more I can't."

He picked up his suitcase. He shoved his guitar under his arm.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you like this," he said to his folks, "both of you so unhappy." Facing his father, he continued, "I'm sorry, (Continued on next page)



..... *Introducing Roger Smith*



... *and his lovely children,*

... *and his*



cat Tyrone..

... *and his*

(Continued from page 23) too, that you won't let me have one of the cars—"

"No," his father said.

"I know, Dad," Roger said. "You feel like you feel, and that's that . . . But I've got fifty dollars I've saved from work I've done. And I've got my two legs and a thumb. And I've hitchhiked before, to the lake and places. I know what hitchhiking's all about."

For a long moment, they were all very silent.

Then Roger walked over to his mother and kissed her.

"Bye, Mom," he whispered.

He turned once again to his father, and nodded.

"Bye, Dad," he said.

His father didn't answer.

Roger left the porch and began walking down the pathway that led from the big house and towards the long, dull-gray, sun-sallowed strip of concrete road at the end of the pathway.

and his beautiful wife Victoria...



Tracy and Jordan...

dog Nanook

He was nearly at the road when his father called out to him.

"Roger Smith!"

The boy turned.

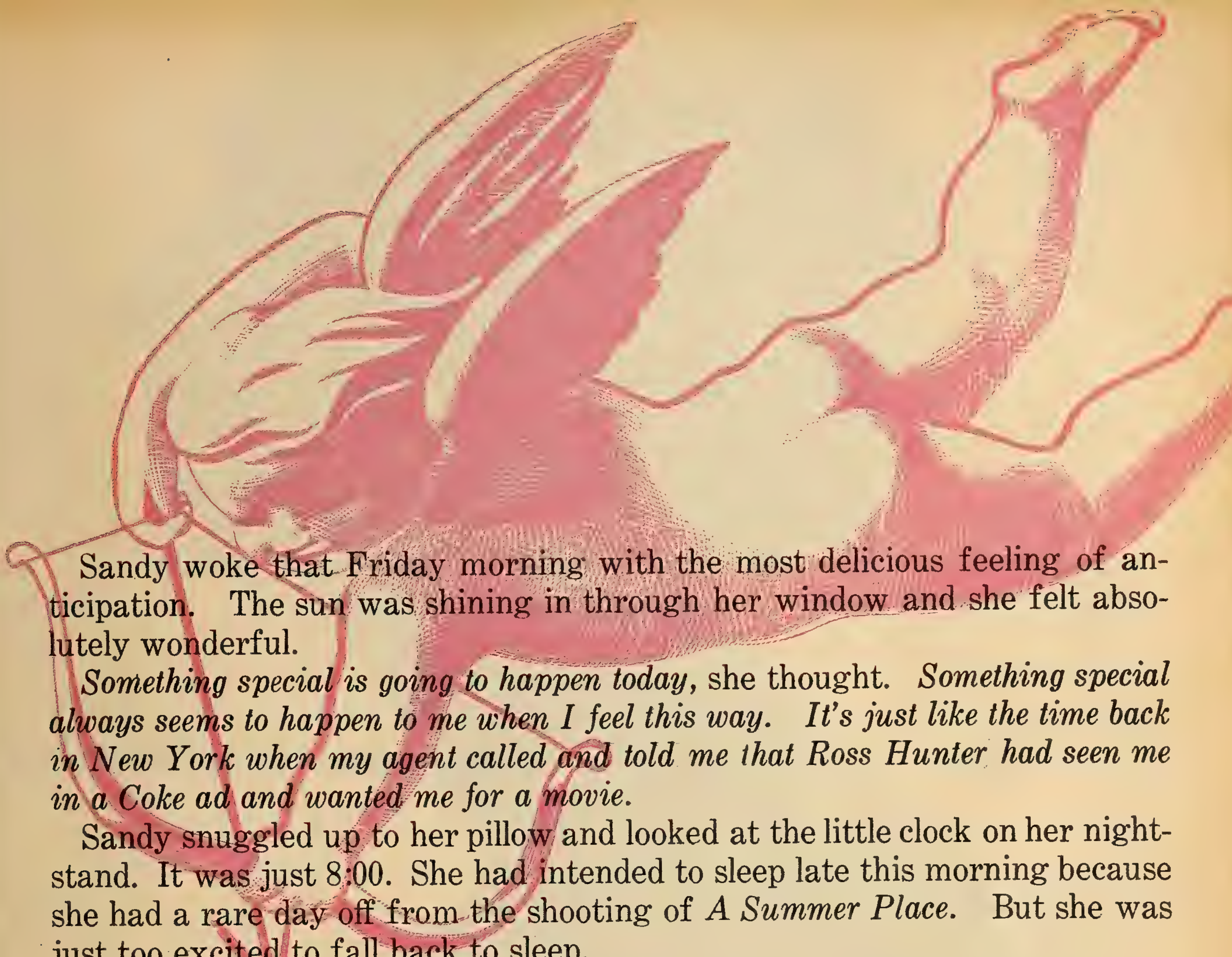
"I don't approve of this, I want you to know that," the father called. "But," he continued, "I don't want any son of mine half-walking any three-hundred-fifty miles, either. It'll cost him a lot in shoes, too much."

And with that he (Continued on page 73)





Ricky
and
Sandy



Sandy woke that Friday morning with the most delicious feeling of anticipation. The sun was shining in through her window and she felt absolutely wonderful.

Something special is going to happen today, she thought. Something special always seems to happen to me when I feel this way. It's just like the time back in New York when my agent called and told me that Ross Hunter had seen me in a Coke ad and wanted me for a movie.

Sandy snuggled up to her pillow and looked at the little clock on her nightstand. It was just 8:00. She had intended to sleep late this morning because she had a rare day off from the shooting of *A Summer Place*. But she was just too excited to fall back to sleep.

Mmmm mm, she thought. Now what do I have to do today?

No, no special plans for today. Just tonight. I have to appear on Juke Box Jury. Nothing crucial about that. Just sit there on (Continued on page 60)

Maybe

it's
LOVE



Mitzi Gaynor

was afraid of children

CONFESSION *of a* CHILDLESS MOTHER

Now she begs God to forgive her and make her fruitful...

■ Jack and I were standing at Idlewild Airport in New York, waiting to fly home to California. The sun was going down, and shadows were falling, when suddenly, almost from out of nowhere, there was a little boy looking tired and lost and a little scared from the oncoming dark. He put his arm around Jack's leg. I felt so funny, so unwanted. The little boy didn't look up at me or smile. And I was standing right next to Jack. But he kept holding on to Jack who patted his head.

In a moment his worried mother came and picked him up. She looked at Jack gratefully and said, "He just wandered off the second my back was turned. Thank you so much for looking out for him. I can see he really felt safe with you." She smiled and hurried off, and the little boy waved good-bye sleepily to my husband.

Why does Jack always attract children? I began to wonder. How often, whenever we visited friends who had youngsters, the children would cuddle up to him, even fall asleep in his lap! That evening on the plane Jack, with a wistful look in his eyes, said, "Gee, Mitzi, I wish I had a little girl—just like you—because I missed out on your childhood!" Something shivered in my heart. We had been married several years but we had never seriously faced the decision of having children. He was busy developing (Continued on page 57)

Young Girls in Hollywood: 3rd of
a series —subject: JILL ST. JOHN

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A TEENAGE DIVORCEE

■ At just-nineteen, beautiful redheaded Jill St. John—already married and divorced and now dating Lance Reventlow, one of the richest young men in the world—is probably the most excitement-directed of today's batch of young Hollywood hopefuls. And, considering the go-go-go community in which she lives and works, that's pretty excitement-directed.

A big girl—five-nine in *(Continued on page 33)*





Big diamonds, private planes, dim lights, deserted beaches
and men who live for danger...where will it all lead for
this 19-year-old thrill-seeker...



(Continued from page 30) heels—Jill likes to do things big.

Hobbies? "Comes a quiet afternoon," says Jill, "and I get into my T-Bird, drive over to Beverly Hills and go jewelry-crawling. I pick the most expensive shops, of course. I walk in, sit down and try on everything—tiaras, brooches, bracelets, rings, everything; the more expensive the better. Of course, I don't buy anything. But the salesmen don't seem to mind. And I have a ball."

Sports? "I used to like flying a plane and motorcycling—till the studio clamped down. But occasionally I still like to go falcon-hunting. They're hunted in the mountains. You use little white mice to lure them down. You've got to be very careful and wear thick glasses so they don't peck out one of your eyes when they come swooping down towards you. It's pretty dangerous. But I'm not afraid of them, or anything—and I love it!"

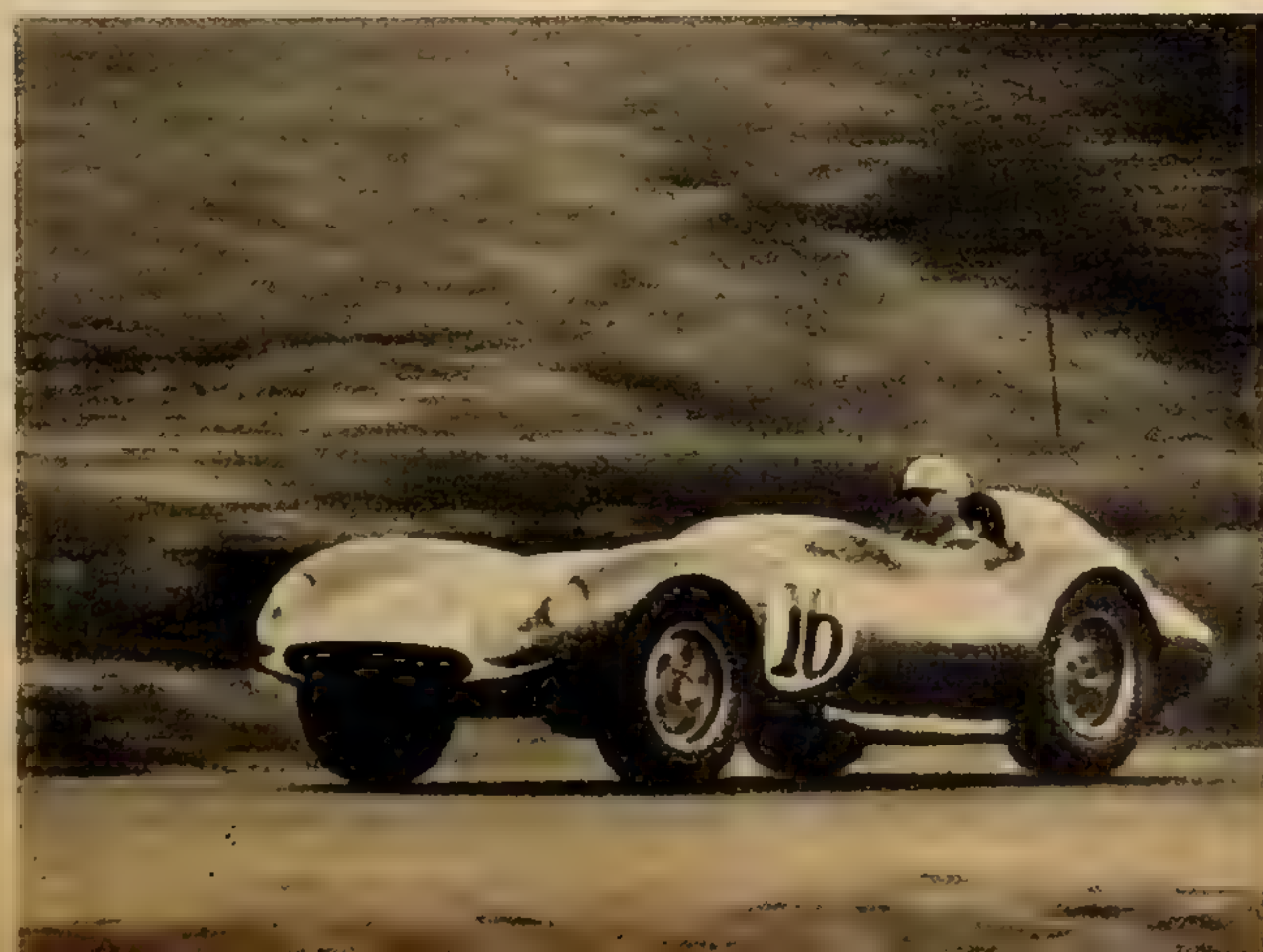
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A TEENAGE DIVORCEE

Eating? "Most of the gals I know like steak, a few slices of tomato and a cup of black coffee. Me, I *like* to eat, and I eat like a cow. When I cook, for instance, I start the meal with hors d'oeuvres—a Polynesian bit like chicken livers wrapped in bacon and broiled, and pâté de foie gras and curried shrimp. Then, for the main course, I make a juicy chateaubriand and peas with a cheese and onion sauce and French stringbeans and carrots with lots of sugar covering. Dessert is usually a lemon sher-

bet imported from Italy—it actually comes packed in a real lemon. And then for pastry—well, like I said, I *like* to eat."

Clothes? "I can't stand sloppiness. I can't stand gaudiness. I like my clothes well-made and tailored. I'd rather have five terribly good dresses than twenty-five cheap things. Of course when it comes to shoes there's no stopping me. I own 150 pair—expensive, cheap and indifferent."

Sleeping? "I think sleeping should be glamorous. I think I sleep in the most glamorous (Continued on page 54)



There was a terrible secret hidden behind the door that had clicked shut in Tab's tormented mind. If he could just bring himself to face it, he could have the real reason why none of his romances had ever lasted... and he would be free at last to let love work...



THE REAL REASON TAB HASN'T MARRIED

■ "But look," Tab said desperately into the telephone, "it isn't my fault. I have to have the stills taken, don't I? There's no time but Saturday afternoon. So if I have them taken Saturday, here in Hollywood, how can I come to New York for the week end? It's impossible. Isn't it?"

The girl on the other end of the wire, three thousand miles away, closed her dark eyes for a moment. "Yes," she said finally. "It is impossible."

There was a pause. "Well," Tab said, "so I won't see you this week end. But maybe next—?"

This time there was no pause. "No," the girl said sharply, her soft, slightly (*Continued on page 52*)



A BABY FOR LIZ AND EDDIE
RUMORS...EXCLUSIVE REPORT
COTTAGE...=



THE TRUTH BEHIND THE FROM LONDON HONEYMOON



We at MODERN SCREEN have been getting reports at least once a week for the past eight months that Elizabeth Taylor is pregnant. We've heard it from 'close friends' and from 'reputable sources.' Even the mother of one of our secretaries called up to tell us the news. Needless to say, these early rumors, as
(Continued on page 11)



With great pride
Modern Screen prints
a truly moving document—
a letter
from Alan Ladd to
his son David

On location, Nevada, 1959

Dear David:

The other day I was hustling along a street up here in Reno when a boy about your size, with cornsilk hair just about as wild as yours usually is, handed me quite a jolt.

"Say," he nailed me, "aren't you David Ladd's dad?"

I told him I sure was - and I just had to write and tell you what a kick I got out of that. Not, "Aren't you Alan Ladd?" But, "David Ladd's dad" - that's a new one for me! But I can't say I'm too surprised, because I figured you for a winner the first time I laid

eyes on you.
along pretty
grow up, Davy.

Time scoots
fast when you
That's why
for me to
that you're
years old

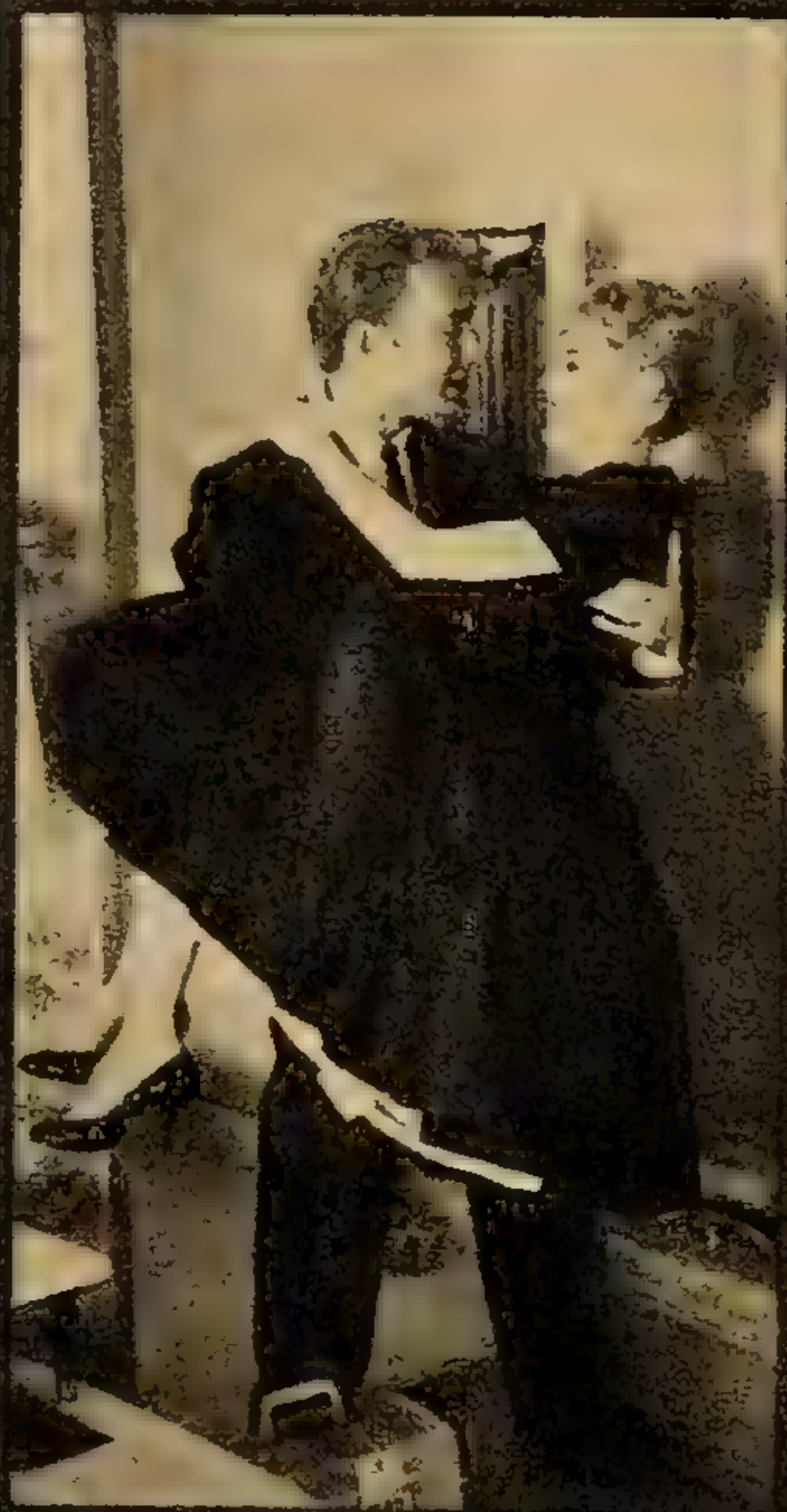
it's hard
realize
twelve
and making

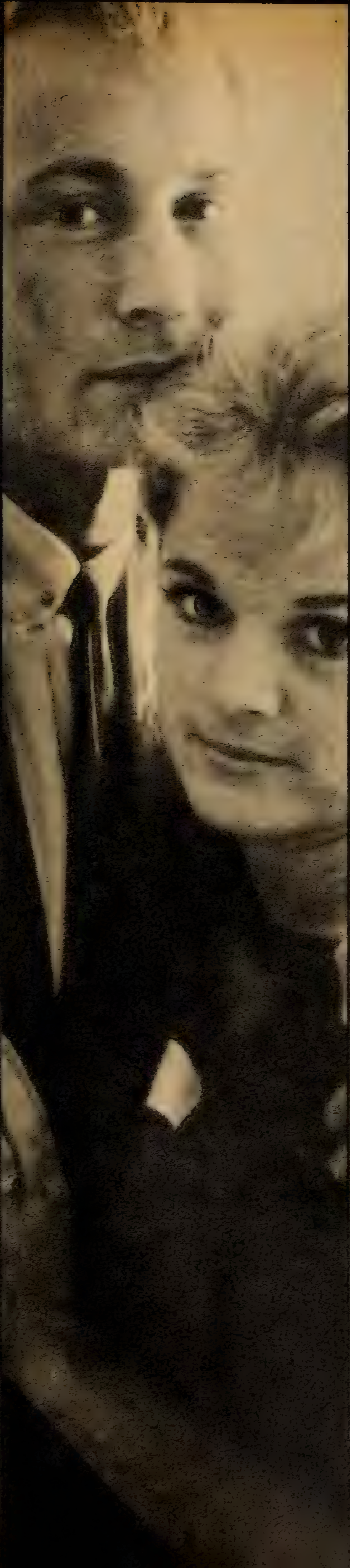


(Continued on page 62)

*Our
Wedding
Night*

By
Mrs.
Nick
Adams





DUSK was falling as our wedding party (Nick and I, and his close friends, Bob Conrad, Craig Hill and Andy Fernady) reached my parents' house in the Valley.

Nick and I hadn't eaten all day, and offhand you might imagine that we'd be dying to walk into my mother's house and have one of her home-cooked meals. Bob, Craig and Andy had already loped out of their taxi and walked into the house, leaving the door invitingly open for us.

My husband of a few hours looked at me and grinned. Almost in the same breath, the two of us said to each other, "Let's get away now." Nick nodded to the driver and gave the address of his apartment.

Then I was in Nick's arms,

...and the next morning →

and we were on our way.

When we got to his place, I was about to walk in when Nicky said, "Whoa there, wife," then lifted me gently in his arms, carried me over the threshold.

We had begun our married life!

"Nicky Poo," I said, "I loved your carrying me over the threshold."

"Carole Poo," he said, "I can't tell you how much I love you."

He turned on the lights. They lit up the face of my beloved. I took that face be-
(Continued on next page)



*Our
First
Morning
As
Man
And
Wife*



(continued)

tween my hands, as Nicky sat on the floor beside me, and gently kissed him on the neck and the lips.

"My husband," I said. "I love you. . . . Now you stay right here."

In a little while I was back, wearing a white nylon gown and a white negligee. Nicky looked at me as if he could never have his fill of staring.

"Like it?" I asked.

"My lovely wife," he said softly, cupping my face between his hands.

Only a few minutes before I had been completely exhausted, famished. Now, forgetting food and exhaustion, we were in each other's arms, and the world was blotted out for love.

Our first precious moments alone. Will I ever forget them? Never. For this was the beginning of a new life for me, the beginning of happiness such as I have never known before. . . .

I had meant to get up early and make Nicky a wonderful breakfast. But my darling had a lovely surprise for me instead. When I opened my eyes, there was Nicky kissing me awake. He had breakfast all ready on a tray.

"Breakfast in bed for my Carole Poo," he said.

After breakfast, we decided to take off on our honeymoon trip. Before we left, I inspected the kitchen where I hoped to prepare a sumptuous dinner all by myself when we got back. I was a little worried because I'd never done much cooking at home, but Nicky was so helpful I knew he'd lend a hand if I got stuck.

We stopped off at my folks' to *(Continued on page 71)*



I wasn't too smart about the brand new bride bit—but Nicky turned out to be a big help in the kitchen.



DIRT.

SHE was the prettiest girl in school, and young Jimmy Dean cast longing eyes in her direction.

But she would have nothing to do with him. After all, he wore bib overalls to school, and he was skinny and too-tall for his age.

Jimmy wore bib overalls all week, except Sunday, when he put on his cast-off clothes for Sunday morning church.

As the older of two sons of the husband-less Mrs. Ruth Dean, Jimmy was dirt-poor.

He knew what poverty meant.

It meant living in the basement of an old house so decrepit that, when the family upstairs walked, the ceiling shook down torrents of dust

... and Momma had to tack newspapers to the ceiling, to reduce the dust.

It meant pulling cotton, cleaning chicken houses, milking cows, slopping hogs, running errands, doing anything to earn a quarter or a half dollar.

It meant crawling on your belly into Farmer Jones' watermelon patch to swipe some watermelons. Of course, this was not real stealing because Jones expected kids to invade his patch and grew melons right by the road so they could be stolen without the culprits tromping on the vines.

It meant telling Momma about the girl that wouldn't talk to you because you wore a bib overall, and crying,

"Guess nobody likes me with my big ears, and overalls ... I wish I was *somebody else!*" And then Momma would put her big arms around you and sigh, "Don't you go worryin' yourself about being somebody else. *You be yourself, honey!*"

It meant feeling blue at having so much less than the other kids, and promising Momma, "I'm going to grow up and be a big movie star, and get rich, and bring you a lot of money, Momma!"

That's when Momma held you in her lap and said, "Honey, always remember to be yourself. You don't have to be no actor, pretending you're somebody else ... because, if they don't like you as you are,

Sometimes the
fruit of poverty
is sweet—
Witness the
life of country singer
James Dean

POOR



they sure won't like you as somebody else."

Jimmy was born in a sharecropper's cottage on a cotton farm near Plainview, Texas, a couple of years before another Dean, also a farm boy, was born in Marion, Indiana. He lived to see this other Dean in the movies and admire him mightily . . . but never met him.

As far back as he could remember, Jimmy had very little in life but his Momma's great love and his faith. But they were enough, and they sustained the little skinny boy through his growing years.

Daddy wasn't working steadily, and when
(Cont'd on page 70)

HEARTBREAK ON THE



RIVIERA



It was a few minutes before 7:00 a.m. Train No. 147—the deluxe Riviera express—was about to leave Cannes for Rome. Kim Novak and her parents sat in their compartment, waiting. The reporters had come and asked their usual questions, the photographers had come and taken their usual pictures, and they were gone now. A few early-bird fans, teenagers, still stood on the station platform, however, on tiptoe, peeking into the compartment.

At exactly seven, a horn tooted and the sleek train began to move.

The teenagers began to scream their good-byes.

Mr. and Mrs. Novak smiled.

Kim waved.

A few moments later the train was rolling along full speed, already out of the city, through the pastel-colored countryside, dashing now towards the sea, now away from it, towards it, away.

A few moments after that Mr. Novak got up, stretched, said something about the dining car and a little more breakfast, and left.

Kim leaned back in her seat.

So did her mother, across from her.

They both turned to look out the window.

Then, suddenly, Mrs. Novak turned back towards her daughter.

"Too bad the sun isn't shining this morning," she said. "The water's certainly bluer and prettier when the sun shines here."

"Yes," said Kim.

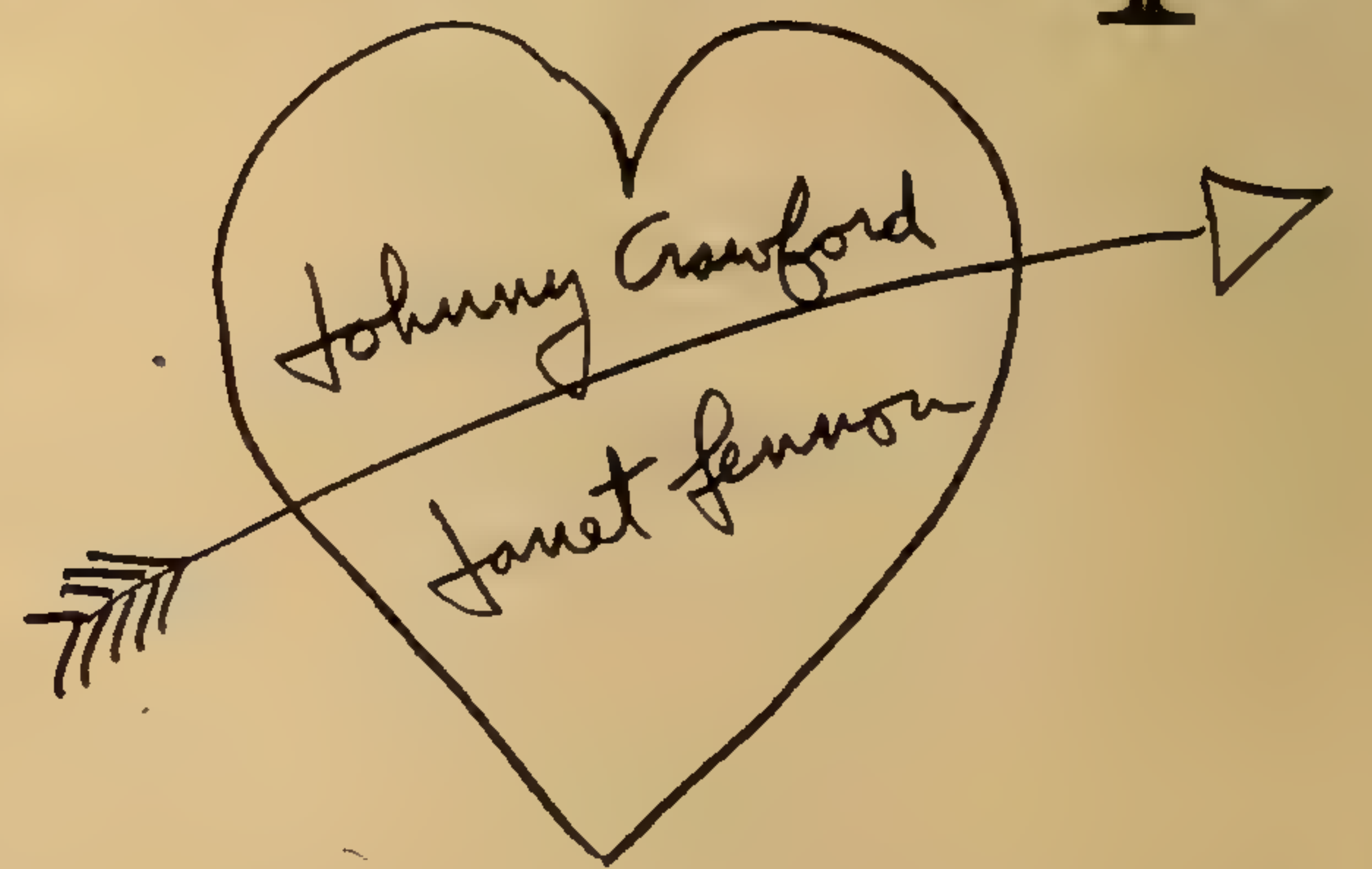
"My," her mother said, sighing, "the time sure flew. I can hardly believe (Continued on page 66)

The tragic romance of Kim Novak and Cary Grant





ur very
first grown-up
date





Johnny Crawford had been Janet Lennon's secret admirer ever since they started working on the same ABC-TV lot.

He never missed a chance to see her or say hello, but he didn't dare to really ask her for a date.

She probably isn't allowed to go out with boys, he figured, and she's always busy

with rehearsals, and maybe

she wouldn't want to go with me anyhow . . .

Then one day as he stood silently

in the wings watching Janet

rehearsing with her big sisters for

the Lawrence Welk Show,

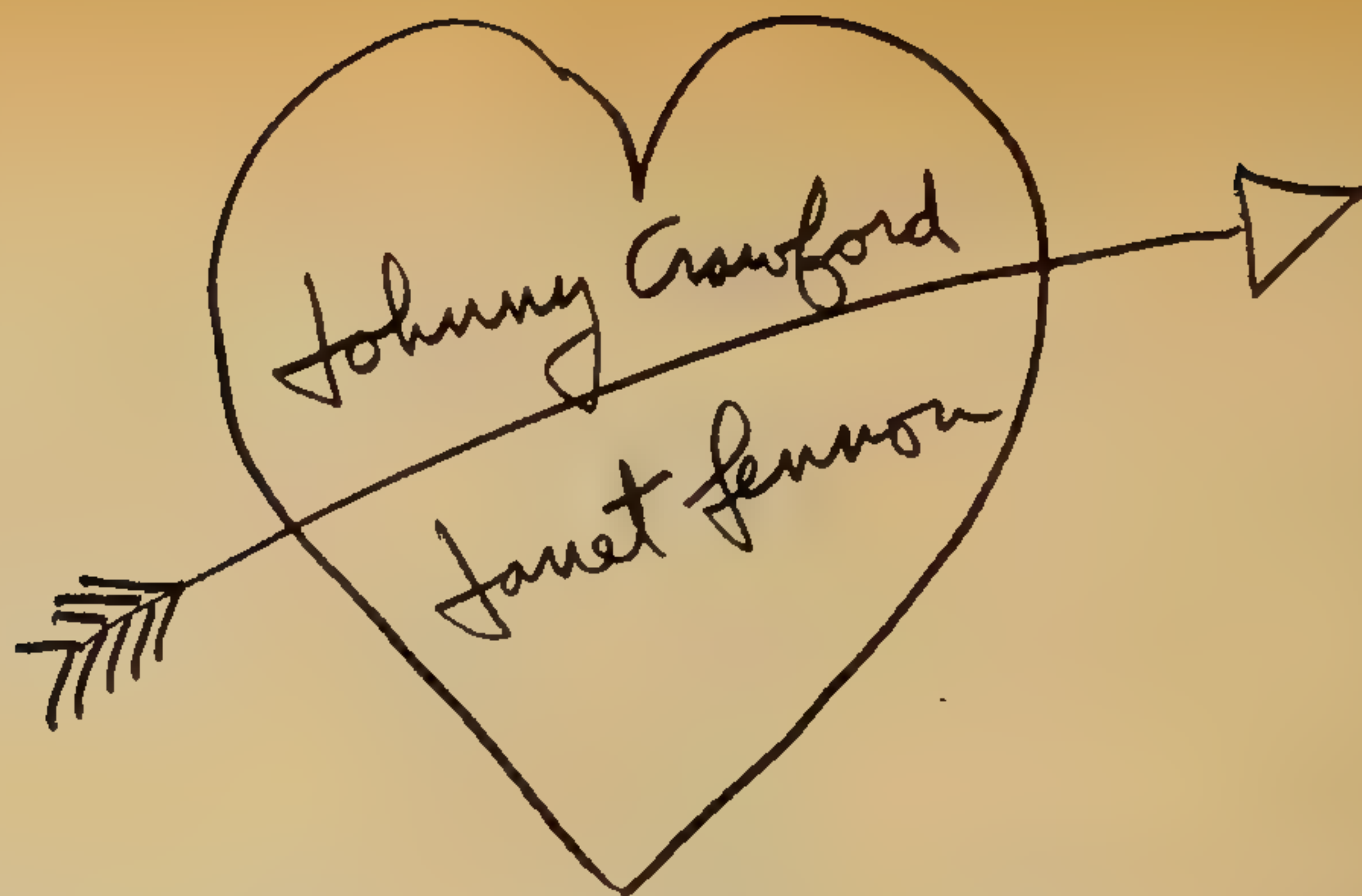
he decided he just might have a chance after all.

So he rushed out to make a very important call

before he lost his nerve. . . .

(continued)





Our very first grown-up date (continued)

He could hardly believe it when she said yes. They wouldn't have much time together—Johnny had to get ready for his Rifleman show—but he wanted to make this an extra-special occasion. The bouquet of flowers seemed like a great idea until he had to stop and ask the guard the way to Miss Lennon's dressing-room and the crowd of fans began kidding him, "Hey Mark, who're the posies for . . . ?" That walk to Janet's building seemed mighty long and lonely, with all those eyes staring at him . . . Guess he'd just send the flowers in and wait for her outside. . . .



Meanwhile, Janet—who'd been so poised on the phone, accepting her very first date like she did it every day—was worrying to her daddy if she'd done the right thing. "I told him I had a few hours off this afternoon, Daddy. Do you think I should have said I'm busy, like Diane does . . . ? Look at the flowers he sent me; I guess I should get dressed up . . . He's older than me, Daddy, do you think he'll think I act like a kid . . . ? What'll we ever talk about . . . ?"



There was something Janet wanted to do before they'd have to go in and get the once-over from her teen-age sisters. Janet wanted Johnny's autograph, and she didn't want to be teased about it . . .

But Diane, Peggy and Kathy were pretty impressed with their little sister's new beau.

He had such nice manners—and it wasn't often their boyfriends brought flowers!



Her sisters put Johnny's gift in a vase for her while Janet quickly took down her pin curls and changed into her best velveteen jumper. They sat and talked over a Coke and discovered that they didn't feel shy at all. What did they talk about? Everything, it seemed. It was a day of three firsts for Janet: first telephone call from a boy, first grown-up date, first kiss. All too soon it was time to say good-bye. Janet left, hoping Johnny'd call her again soon . . . We think he will. . . .



The Real Reason Tab Hasn't Married

(Continued from page 35)

foreign voice taking on an accustomed edge. "Not next week end. Maybe next week end you will have to do some dubbing. Or pose for a magazine. Or something. *Something* will come up."

"Oh, honey," Tab said softly. "Don't. Don't talk like that. You sound as if you think I've—gone Hollywood or something. As if I don't care about anything but my career. You know that isn't true. You know—"

"All I know," the girl broke in, "is that we had a date for this week end, and you are breaking it. We had one last week end, and you broke that one, too. All I know is, you said once you thought we might be important to each other—and now *anything* is more important than I am. That is what I know. Now, you tell me—why? Have you—like you say, 'gone Hollywood?' Have you met someone else? What is it? Tell me, Tab."

She hung on for a long moment. The seconds ticked by. No answer came.

"I see," the girl said at last. And very slowly, very deliberately, she lowered the receiver, and hung it up.

Click went the phone in Tab Hunter's ear. Click. A short, sharp, final sound, like a trigger on a gun, like a cracking whip—like a door shutting behind him.

A door shutting, Tab thought, numb. A door shutting—but where? When? He found himself standing with the phone still in his hand, staring down at it, blind.

Tell me, Tab . . . the girl had said, and he hadn't answered. He hadn't known the answer, as he hadn't known where that door had shut in his past. He knew only one thing, and it was enough.

Tab Hunter was running scared—again.

The phone clicked softly. Hardly hearing it, Tab pushed the disconnecting button down with his finger. *I ought to call her back*, he thought. *I could tell her—*

Tell her what?

Weak, phony, frightened

With his finger still holding the button down, he stared off into space. He had done that once, almost a year ago—had tried desperately to explain to a girl how he felt. She, too, had had a foreign lilt to her voice, a gay, charming, exotic way of holding her head, looking up at him through long, dark lashes.

But there had been no lilt, no gaiety that day.

"I don't understand," she had said. "I don't see why—"

"Just think about it, Etchika," Tab had pleaded then. "We're both Catholic. If we get married, it's forever, no outs. We can't afford to make a mistake. We have to be sure."

"But we are sure," she had said, her French tongue turning 'w' to 'v', sliding softly over the words. "We love each other."

"I know," Tab had said. "At least, I think I know. That's just it, honey. How can I know for sure? There's been so much publicity, so much pushing. I—I don't know if I'm really in love or if I'm getting talked into it."

Etchika had raised to him bewildered, tear-filled eyes. "Tab," she said, "are you telling me you can't tell the difference between what you read in a paper and what you read in your heart?"

"No," he said hastily. "I mean—of course I can tell. Only, I think we should wait longer, and be surer. It would be so—so terrible if it should turn out wrong."

Even to him, it sounded weak, it sounded phony. But why should it? All was true—

wasn't it? He really believed it, didn't he?

Etchika had stared at him. Finally she had stood up, pushing her blonde hair back from her face, wiping the moisture from her eyes. "I think it is going to be terrible this way," she had said at last. "I think you are frightened, Tab."

"Frightened?" Tab had echoed. "Frightened—of what?"

And somewhere, in the back of his mind—that door had clicked shut again.

Where? When?

He didn't know. But Etchika walked out of his life, leaving behind a few letters—and a great, empty void.

I was a fool, Tab wrote months later, for MODERN SCREEN, to let her slip through my fingers. *I loved Etchika. . . .*

And so he had lost her.

At a Washington dinner for President Eisenhower, Bob Hope claimed that Ike bawled out his caddy for looking at his watch—and that the caddy retorted, "This isn't a watch—it's a compass."

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

If he didn't phone New York now, if he didn't phone the studio and say, *Sorry, I can't take those pictures Saturday. I have a date in the East*—if he didn't do that, he could lose again. He could be left again—and not even a year had passed—with an aching void in his heart, with an emptiness in his life.

How had he filled that gap, that vacancy, when he and Etchika parted? His right hand hovering, undecided, over the dial, he remembered. . . .

He had plunged into a buying spree. A house, a ranch, and horses. Those first, wonderful horses, with their sleek coats and proud, high-stepping legs. He had bought them and spent all his time with them for weeks, grooming them himself, training them, riding them over his newly-purchased grounds. He had brought a friend out to see them put through their paces, and for hours he had raved about them to his pal. Until finally at the end of the day, the friend said, "You know, Tab, you sound as if you're in love with the horses."

Tab had laughed, but his friend had not. "What do you hear from Etchika?" he asked.

"Oh, she's fine," Tab had said lightly. "She writes every now and then. . . ."

His friend nodded. "And did you ever figure out just why you two broke up?"

"Figure it out?" Tab said blankly. "Why, you know why. Because of all that publicity, all that—"

"All that hogwash," the fellow said sharply. "I know that story, Tab. That's what you told Etchika, and what you told the magazines, and the press, and me. What I want to know is: when you're alone at night, when you aren't driving yourself into a rapture over a horse, when you let yourself slow down enough to really think—what do you tell yourself?"

The blank look faded from Tab's face. He put up a hand to shield his eyes from the sun. "I—don't know," he muttered. Then, abruptly, he lifted his head. "Let's get out of here," he said. . . .

Work and forget

What he needed, he decided, since the horses weren't helping so well, was to

work harder at his career. That would do it.

So he stormed into the front offices at his studio, and told them that he wasn't going to take any more of those boy-next-door parts. He wanted roles he could get his teeth into, roles that took talent, not just broad shoulders and a bright smile.

Roles—though he didn't say so, even to himself—to keep a man from thinking about something he didn't want to explore.

Unfortunately, the only thing he got was a suspension.

Left in idleness, he was really lost. He recorded an album of songs—but as long as the studio refused to release it, it gathered dust on the shelf. He plunged into lessons—acting lessons, singing lessons, dancing lessons. When they weren't enough to keep him from thinking, he fled, like a frightened animal, from one place to another, one gimmick to another. He took up the health-food fad sweeping Hollywood; for months he would eat only the foods bought in one small health store, lectured his friends on the virtues of farms where the crops were de-bugged by hand instead of by insecticide, refused to set foot in a restaurant. Then that faded, and he became a gym-addict, reporting for steam baths and exercises, punching bags and ice-cold showers, every day.

They all knew he was running. Running scared. But—from what?

He dated the same way. Venetia Stevenson one day, Dolores Hart the next, Tuesday Weld the evening after. Running, running.

And then, quite unexpectedly—he fell in love again.

It happened almost as soon as the studio took him back. Not entirely on his terms, not entirely on theirs. A compromise. One of the best parts of it was that they were going to lend him to Columbia for a part in *They Came To Cordura*, a really important picture, with Rita Hayworth and Gary Cooper. He was so excited he almost flipped—he felt like a complete amateur about to meet a movie star.

Maria

He also met the movie star's daughter.

Maria Cooper came out to the location site with her mother. She moved into Tab's life like a fresh wind across the desert—a tall girl with a wind-blown beauty. She smiled at Tab and in that smile he saw a world he had never known.

It is a strange thing, but most movie stars have had troubled, unloved childhoods. Many of them felt rejected by the people they knew, and needed the love of strangers, of fans, of applauding audiences to make up for the love they had missed. Tab had some of that in him. The actresses he dated had much of it.

But Maria Cooper had been loved all her life, and she knew it. Not with arrogance, not with self-satisfaction—but with the sunny warmth, the quiet confidence, the poise of a girl who has known only understanding and affection, and is therefore unafraid. Her parents' love for her was enough to keep them together always, even when their marriage hit rough spots. She never feared being left behind or torn apart by them. She was, and is, a completely whole person.

Hardly knowing how much he was enjoying himself, Tab spent more and more time with Maria. Days when he wasn't needed for a scene, they rode together through the desert country. Evenings, instead of playing poker with Gary, as he had done, he took Gary's daughter to the movies, or to the one restaurant in the closest town, or sat with her outside his bungalow, holding hands, watching the stars grow incredibly bright in the still, clear air. She gave him a feeling of peace he had never known. And watching her eyes shine when he entered a room, feel-

ing her hand lie trustingly in his, he knew he was giving her something wonderful also—the joy, the beauty, the discovery of her first real love.

It lasted a few weeks—and then Maria's mother, too, began to read the signs. Before he knew what was happening, Tab discovered that Rocky Cooper was packing, was arranging to take herself and her daughter home—and was gone.

"What happened?" Tab asked, bewildered, of a company member who knew the Coopers well. "Why did they disappear?"

The man shrugged. "Rocky comes from a very high-society background," he said, "in case you didn't know it. Being married to a movie star isn't the easiest life in the world, and I guess she doesn't want it for Maria. Wants her to fall in love with some old-family type, I guess. You know." "Oh, is that it," Tab said. He felt utterly relieved. "Oh, I can fix that."

The letter he would write

All the way back to his bungalow, he planned the letter he would write. No, better still, he would get a day off and fly down to see Mrs. Cooper. He would say, *Mrs. Cooper, I want to tell you I know how you feel, but you're wrong. I could take good care of your daughter. A year ago I wouldn't have been sure, but now I think I've proved to myself that I can develop into an actor, a real actor. I may never have a great talent, I may never have the tremendous stature that your husband has—but I've learned to work hard, to make the most of what I've got. I'm putting some money away from my record albums, I'm studying, I'm taking big roles or little ones as long as they're good, I'm learning, I'm maturing—and all I ask of people is that they say I'm improving myself. I know I'm doing that; I could give Maria a stable, happy life—that is, if we should—if she were to—well, if—*

And there he stopped. If Maria will marry me—those were the next words, obviously. And they followed logically and honestly, for everything he had said was true. And yet—

And yet—
What if, after saying all that, he failed to come across? What if he should stop improving, or flop as an actor, or go broke? Other people had failed, hadn't they? What right had he to take on the responsibility of someone else's life, to guarantee to provide for a young girl?

But so many of his friends had done just that. Most of them were married. Lots of them had gone to their weddings with far fewer prospects, far less money than he had. They hadn't seemed frightened. Why should he be?

"I don't know," Tab Hunter cried out. The letter remained unwritten. The flight to talk to Maria's mother was never taken.

And Maria, too, passed out of his life.

Badly in need of love

Now, months later, he stood again at the same spot. He must, he thought, be badly in need of love to come to it three times in one year. But here he was again, this time with his heart full of a third face—a grave face, without the sparkling brilliance of Etchika's, a wise face, without the naivete of Maria's—a face that combined two worlds, with their pain, their laughter and their wisdom. This girl he loved more than he had ever loved before.

The girl he was about to lose, as he had lost the others. He'd turn his back and walk away from her, down an unfamiliar street.

Suddenly Tab Hunter raised his head. "A street," he whispered aloud. "A street—that door—" And then he knew.

He still stood, poised over the phone. His

hand still reached out uncertainly. But he was no longer there. . . . He was remembering.

He was walking down a street, a street he didn't know. He could see himself walking down it, looking at the house numbers. He could see the fear and the expectancy in his eyes, see the nervous tension in his shoulders, in his walk.

The door

He saw himself stop finally before a house, draw a deep breath and then quickly go to the door.

He heard the bell ring, inside the house. And a woman came to the door. A woman he had never seen, wiping her hands on an apron. "Yes?"

"I want—" he said, "that is, is Mr. Gelien home?"

"No," the woman said. She looked at him curiously. "You want to wait?"

A look of relief came over Tab's face. His shoulders lifted as if the weight of the world had been taken from them. "No!" he said rapidly, joyously. "No, I don't want to wait." He had turned to go, and behind him the woman said, "Well, listen—don't you even want to leave a message?"

Tab stopped. "Sure," he said, release still pounding in his heart. "Tell him—tell him his son dropped by."

And as he almost ran back to the sidewalk, away from that house, he heard behind him—the door clicking finally shut.

It shut, he thought, on a world of pain

and hate. It shut on his father's house.

It shut upon the memories he had carried with him through boyhood, of the father who walked out when Tab was a baby, of the man who deserted his wife and his two sons without leaving them a penny, without so much as a word to bridge the terrible years ahead. He had grown up seeing his mother struggle with the life that man had left her—unending work, exhausting work, followed by the trip home to a tiny dark apartment and more work—work to support her babies, to care for them, feed them, send them to school—and try, with the little strength she had left, to love them enough to make up for all they could not have. He had grown up knowing he was different from other boys; he had no money, no one to talk over his problems with, *no father*. He had only a futile longing for the man he had never known—and a futile hate for what that man had done to them. More than poverty, that knowledge made him a lonely, frightened boy. More than cold and hunger, it made him cry. More than time passing, it drove him to grow up—

To grow up and walk down that street and ring that bell, open that door and confront his father at last!

But when the moment finally came, when the door finally opened, he had not gone in. He had turned and fled.

And the door had clicked shut behind him forever.

He had thought then, that he was doing the right thing. That he had proved himself to himself, that he was too mature to need revenge, too secure to need that man's love. He was walking away from the past, he had thought.

But instead, he had walked away from the future.

For all his old fears, his old insecurities, had not disappeared, but were only hidden. Hidden too deep for him to see—and deep enough to click shut the door upon his heart whenever it reached out for love.

Now or never

He could see so clearly now.

He had said to Etchika: "We come from different backgrounds. We love each other, but what if we grow apart?"

He had meant: "My father loved my mother, but they grew apart and he left her. How do we know that I—my father's son—mightn't do that to you?"

He had said of Maria: "I can take care of her, give her a stable, happy life."

But his father had planned to care for his mother—and he had left her in a life that was almost a hell.

He had told his new love she was the most important thing in the world to him.

But his father had thought that of his mother once—and he had finished by beating her.

But now, now that he knew—what if he were to call the girl in New York? "I've found the root of my problem at last. Help me solve it—please."

This girl, Tab's friends believe, is the one who can say what everyone knows but him: "Tab, your past is not your curse, but your blessing. You, with your knowledge of suffering, would never inflict it upon another; you, who needed a father, should be a father; you, who were a miserable child, will make your own children happy. You, who need love so badly, have tremendous love to give. You know how to cherish a home, a family—and a wife."

This girl is the one to say those words, to open the door in Tab Hunter's heart.

If he gives her the chance.
If he stops running away from love.

Wondering, Tab Hunter stood gazing at the phone. *Should he call—?* **END**

Tab can be seen soon in *THEY CAME TO CORDURA* for Columbia.

Learn 4810 facts about
the stars!

*

*Which actor was once bat
boy for the N.Y. Giants?*

*What famous actor's real
name is Anthony Papaleo?*

*What popular star was almost
elected Miss America?*

*

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A Teenage Divorcee

(Continued from page 33)

and the biggest bed in Hollywood. It's got a quilted headboard and measures eight-by-nine feet. When I asked my folks if I could buy it, they said, 'Only if you make it up in the morning!' This takes me twenty minutes, every day. But who cares? When I sleep in it, I feel like a princess. And that makes it worth it, believe me."

Acting? "I don't want to be just another actress—competent, well-paid, well-liked. I want to be a star someday, a great big star, in the tradition of Garbo and Carole Lombard and Jean Harlow. When I was at Universal-International last year I did one good picture. Then they handed me a script titled *The Water Witch*. I knew this would be horrible for me. So I turned it down and left the studio. I knew I was taking a chance by leaving, but I figured: Why fool around with the bottom or the middle when there's a top to reach. . . ."

Jill began heading for the top back in 1944—like another well-known Jill, by tumbling.

First love

It happened this way:

A cousin of Jill's, a GI, passing through Los Angeles, stopped at the house one afternoon to visit with her folks.

Because he was tall and good-looking, Jill immediately fell in love with him.

And she told him so.

"Do you think we could get married?" she asked, excitedly.

"I'd like to, Jilly," the cousin said, "—but I'm afraid I can't. You see, I'm already engaged to be married."

Jill wasn't fazed.

"Is she prettier than me—this girl you're engaged to?" she asked.

"No," her cousin said.

"Is she nicer?"

"No."

"So?" Jill asked.

"Well, you see," her cousin explained, "my girl is quite a bit older than you, Jilly, and that makes a difference. She's twenty-two. You're four. That's quite a difference . . . And my girl happens to be an actress. And, well, I just happen to like actresses."

"But I'm an actress, too," Jill said, not giving up.

Her parents, who had been listening quietly, both turned to look at one another.

"I mean," Jill went on, correcting her fib, "I want to be an actress—now. And I bet I can be one, too."

She jumped up from her chair and took her cousin by the hand. She led him from the living room and into the hallway of the house.

"Now you stay here," she said, "and we'll make believe the top of the stairs is a stage and I'll go act. . . ."

"Ready?" she called out a few breathless seconds later, looking down.

Her cousin shrugged. "Yes," he said.

Jill began to perform.

For the next half hour she recited every nursery rhyme and sang every child's and big people's song she had ever learned, making up a few originals as she went along.

Then, to prove her versatility, she began to dance—tap, ballet, shag, conga, more, separately and combined.

It was while in the middle of her grand finale, a routine that included a somersault and a few over-enthusiastic jetés, when Jill lost her footing and went falling down the stairs.

She'd gotten hurt.

She was afraid she'd cry; she wanted to. But she didn't.

Instead, she looked into the eyes of her cousin, who had picked her up, and asked, "Am I a better actress than her—your girlfriend?"

"You sure are," he said.

"And you're still going to marry her?"

The cousin didn't answer.

Jill sighed.

"I guess," she said, very dramatically, "I guess maybe I am too young to be your wife. . . ."

"But, you know," she went on, switching to a sudden smile, "being an actress must be a lot of fun. Even though I fell and my head hurts, it was wonderful singing and dancing and talking and having somebody watch."

She turned to her parents, who had rushed into the hallway right after the fall.

"Mommy, Daddy—can I be an actress?" she asked.

They nodded.

Hard to beat

"I think," Jill says today, "they were both so relieved I hadn't cracked my head

Next Month's

MODERN SCREEN

Why

EDD BYRNES'

Sweetheart

Walked Out . . .

(on sale September 3)

open, they'd have said yes to anything at that moment . . . Besides, even though my dad was in the restaurant business and he and mother knew nothing about show business, something must have told them if this kid of theirs was such a smash in her first staircase scene, she'd be very hard to beat as time went by."

As time did go by—the next seven years, to be exact—Jill proved herself one of the phenomena of the Child Star field.

She started out as the lead in a kiddie review called *Pigtails*. ("I was a terrible brat at the auditions. I told the director to send everyone else home because I was the one he was going to pick. And he did.")

Then she did a radio show, the first of nearly 1,000.

Then modeling, television, a few movies and a stint as Minnie in the stage version of *Annie Get Your Gun*. ("Martha Raye played Annie and she and Nick Condos, her husband at the time, were great to me. Martha would give me huge boxes of Blum's chocolates and Nick would teach me Greek. Also, they introduced me to Hopalong Cassidy one night after the show. He kissed me on the cheek. I didn't wash my face for two days.")

And then came the age of twelve and the theatrical retirement that usually accom-

panies those temporarily awkward years.

Lots of former stage moppets sit around moping during this period, waiting for the day when their skin will clear and their figures develop, for the day when they can burst back into the business.

But not Jill.

She knew where she was going

She knew she'd get back to work when the time came.

For now, however, there was the matter of her education to be considered. One of those rare Hollywood birds who admits to having loved school, she now decided to devote all her time to this love.

"I was tired of being a professional child, working most of the time, studying scripts, always signing on the dotted line," Jill says. "I figured it was time now to hit the books, like other kids, and try to be normal—for a while, at least."

At fourteen, after taking an abnormally heavy curriculum of extra courses, Jill was graduated from high school.

At fifteen and one month she entered UCLA, stunning her professors not only with her physical arithmetic (already 36-21-35), but with the number of points she made on her entrance IQ exam—162, or genius level.

At sixteen, however, midway during her sophomore year, a movie contract and a marriage certificate somehow crept into the picture and Jill left college and was back to signing on the dotted line again.

About the movie contract, she says:

"It's one of those Hollywood-type stories nobody believes.

"It happened on a Sunday, in April of '57.

"I had a date, but my boyfriend got tied up with some business, and so I went out to dinner alone. I remember the name of the restaurant was the Barraclaugh. I remember I was wearing an imitation toreador outfit I'd just bought—tight pedal pushers and jacket, all black with orange and white and yellow design, and a frilly blouse and a thin black tie.

"After I ate I went up to the cashier's booth to pay my check. The cashier turned out to be a girl I'd known, whom I hadn't seen in a long time.

"We began to talk. And it was while we were talking that I felt the tap on my shoulder.

Fantastic discovery

"'Young lady,' I heard the voice say, very slowly, 'you—are—fantastic.'

"I turned.

"A man was standing there, smiling.

"'Fantastic,' he said again.

"'I know,' I said, 'I'm really the ginchiest.'

"I turned back to my friend.

"'Pest,' she whispered.

"I agreed.

"'Young lady—,' the voice came again.

"I turned again.

"'Look, sir,' I said, 'the next thing you're going to tell me is that I should be in pictures, right?'

"The man nodded, pulled out a card from his wallet and handed it to me.

"I gulped when I read his name.

"'You're Bill Shiffren, the agent?' I asked.

"Then, before he had a chance to answer, remembering stories I'd heard about young girls in Hollywood restaurants and strange men with agents' cards, I said, as bluntly as my nervousness would allow, 'P—prove it!'

"He did.

"He took me to a room on one side of the restaurant where a wedding reception was in progress. I looked over at the bridal table. The bride, I saw, was Linda Darnell. Then I looked all around the rest

of the room. I saw so many famous faces that I felt for a minute as if I were at the movies, watching a dozen pictures all going on at once.

"Well, Mr. Shiffren introduced me to Miss Darnell and all the famous faces and proved that he was Mr. Shiffren, for true.

"Then he said to me, 'Be at Universal Studios tomorrow at nine and we'll arrange a test. I guarantee they'll have you signed up by Wednesday morning.'

"Actually, sure as he sounded, he was a little off in his figuring.

"'Cause I didn't get to sign any movie contracts till Thursday—and late in the afternoon. . . !"

About her marriage contract, signed a little over a month later, Jill says:

"To be honest, this was the biggest mistake I ever made.

"I'd met Neil Dubin on a blind date—my first and last blind date. He was handsome and twenty-one—five whole important years older than I. I'd never been in love before, but I thought I was now that I'd met Neil.

"We dated steadily for three months. We had fun, lots and lots of fun.

"Then, on the night of May 12, he asked me to marry him. And I thought: 'What is marriage if not a continuation of the fun you have with one person?'

"I said yes.

"My parents, I knew, would have hit the ceiling if they'd found out beforehand.

"Three weeks later, I—and Neil, too, I guess—began to get the miseries.

"Suddenly, we found ourselves bored. The dating, the excitement, the early laughter—all of this was suddenly over and we realized that we had absolutely nothing to talk about, absolutely nothing in common.

"I'll say this for myself. Even though I cried myself to sleep every night, I'd get

up the next morning vowing that I would do everything I could to make my marriage work.

"And I did try.

"In fact, it's the only thing I'd ever really tried for in life up until that time. Back in school I'd gotten good grades without really trying. In my career I'd gotten all sorts of good breaks, all without really trying.

"'But this marriage of mine,' I'd say, those mornings, 'to keep this marriage going, I will try until I am weak from trying.'

"Neil liked golf.

"I tried to like golf.

"Neil liked certain people I couldn't stand.

"I tried to like them.

"Neil liked this and that and the other thing.

"I tried to like them, all, everything.

"But after ten months we both realized it was no good.

"I was getting sick.

"Neil was getting nervous.

"The big, beautiful step we'd taken had turned into a first-class flop and it didn't seem worth pretending that it was anything else.

"One night we had a long talk.

"After the talk, I packed a few bags and went back to live with my folks.

Time to live again

"Neil and I are filing for divorce tomorrow,' I told them. 'I was too young. I never should have gotten married in the first place.'

"Then I went to my room, went to bed and, somehow, this night I didn't cry.

"Instead, I had a little talk with myself.

"'Jill St. John,' I said, 'face it. For nearly a year you've been dead. I think it's time you live again—really live. Don't sit

around mourning. How about it, huh?'

"And I fell asleep agreeing that that was a very good idea. . . ."

Jill's whole new life since that night has centered around (1) her work, and (2) a fellow named Lance.

For a girl who is determined to become a star in her field someday, things look unusually good for Jill. Here is an excerpt from a confidential report filed recently at Twentieth Century-Fox, her new studio:

One of the wisest moves made here was to sign this girl. She was fine in Pennypacker. She is even better in Holiday for Lovers. In short, she's a remarkably good little actress, beautiful of face and figure, dynamic, spirited, witty, a doll, one of the most colorful young girls we've ever had under contract. Watch her. Guide her. Push her. Coach her. She does not happen along every day.

As far as her personal life goes, Jill is happier now than she has ever been.

The reason is Lance Reventlow, sports car builder and racer, cosmopolite, adventurer, man about the great and glamorous towns of the world, son of multi-millionaire Barbara Hutton.

Jill makes no bones about her relationship with the dashing Woolworth heir.

Like about how they met, for instance.

It was a few weeks after her separation from her husband, she says. She was out dining with a friend, male. Presently another male—a sort-of friend of her friend—came over to the table. His name was Lance.

"I knew who he was, of course," Jill goes on. "And I'd always heard that while he was very nice, he was very shy. So I expected him to say a few words and then walk away from our table. But he didn't. That is, he said more than a few words. And then he asked if he could join us for

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

2. I LIKE ROGER SMITH:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

3. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE RICKY NELSON:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE MITZI GAYNOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE JILL ST. JOHN:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely

- ☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

6. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

7. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

(see other side)

a while, if we didn't mind and he sat down." After a while more, Jill's date said they had to be going. Lance looked over at Jill, smiled and asked if he could join them.

Three's a crowd

Jill's date didn't think this was a very good idea.

"Ahem," he started to say. "Three's pretty much a—"

But Lance interrupted him. "To make it more of a crowd, why don't I get a date?" He explained that a girl he knew since childhood, an old friend of the family, was in town. He'd phone her, get her to come along and then everything would be okay—okay?

"Okay," Jill's date mumbled.

"It was a few hours later," Jill recalls. "We were at a nightclub. By this time I was fascinated with Lance. He had a marvelous sense of humor. That was the first quality about him I liked. Also, he was very intelligent. And I sensed a tremendous feeling of excitement about him, a boy who was always traveling, always racing, who had his own plane and special cars and motorcycles.

"And there I sat, listening to him, looking at him, a little plan buzzing through my head.

"As the evening wore on I wondered about this plan.

"Should I go through with it?

"Or shouldn't I?

"Yes?

"Or no?

"Make up your mind, Jill," that little friend inside me kept saying, "—or else."

"Or else," I found myself whispering.

"The girl with Lance turned to me. 'Did you say something?' she asked.

"I—I'm going to the powder room," I whispered. "Would you like to come with

me?' If she would, my plan would work. "She smiled and said she would.

"When we got to the door of the powder room I stopped and told the girl I had a personal question to ask her.

"I'd appreciate knowing," I said, "if you like Lance. I mean, if you have any kind of romantic feelings about him."

"She assured me that the answer was no.

Who's faster?

"Oh boy!" I found myself saying.

"Then I opened my purse, got out a pencil and a piece of paper, wrote down my phone number and gave it to her.

"I'd appreciate it if—" I started to say.

"Golly," she interrupted me, looking up from the paper. "I didn't even ask you for this yet."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"As we were leaving the table," she told me, "Lance leaned over to me and whispered that I should try to get your phone number."

"She looked at the slip of paper again and began to laugh.

"Honest," she said, "I don't know which of you is quicker. . . ."

Jill is equally forthright in telling about the many gifts Lance has given her since they first met.

The gifts, by the way, include:

A ring, of Imperial jade.

Another ring—a 22-carat peridot (Jill's birthstone).

Still another ring—a cluster of twenty-four small diamonds in the shape of a rose (Jill's favorite flower).

And another—this one of antique Persian turquoise.

Another—three giant emeralds set in the shape of a clover.

A key-shaped pin, encrusted with rubies.

A solid-gold whistle charm inscribed,

To prove I'm at your beck and call—Lance. A solid-gold ankle bracelet.

And, as if this sundae of baubles needed any topping, a charge account at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor in Beverly Hills.

"People have criticized me," Jill says, "not only for accepting these gifts, but for talking about them.

"Well, the fact is that I'm Lance's friend and that I'm proud to take and tell about anything he wants to give me.

"Besides, every time Lance gives me something, I give him something. And believe me, if this keeps up, I'm the one who's going to be going broke!"

They swear they'll never marry

Eventual marriage with Lance?

"No!" Jill said, emphatically, the day we asked her.

She went on to explain.

"I'm not ready to marry anyone right now. I tried marriage once. It didn't work. I don't want to try it again, not for a long while. . . . Anyway, I want to live some more, just the way I'm living now; to learn about life and have fun and grow up, really grow up. And, as I've said, I want to be a star someday, and this takes time and a certain amount of independence. And—"

She went on and on, listing one reason after another.

And then, suddenly, she stopped.

"I have a confession," she said. "Lance and I have sworn that neither of us will ever get married."

"Ever is a long time," we said, feeling very mature and wise.

"But life is very short," said Jill, with a strange little smile that followed us as we left the room. . . .

END

See Jill in Twentieth-Century Fox's HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS.

8. I LIKE ALAN LADD:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I LIKE DAVID LADD:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

9. I LIKE NICK ADAMS:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely

- 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

10. I LIKE JIMMY DEAN:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

11. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE CARY GRANT:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all

6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

12. I LIKE JANET LENNON:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JOHNNY CRAWFORD:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____
MALE

(2) _____
MALE

(3) _____
MALE

(1) _____
FEMALE

(2) _____
FEMALE

(3) _____
FEMALE

AGE NAME

ADDRESS STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

Confessions of a Childless Mother

(Continued from page 29)

his business, and I was involved in my career. But Jack's remark moved me deeply. Maybe it was because suddenly, for the first time, I was confronted by the truth. Was I going to be a childless wife?

I didn't answer Jack. Something in my mind told me if I had a child my career would end. All those years of struggling to get ahead in showbusiness, all the practice and hard work of performances—were they for nothing? And what about all those fears the dancers put in my head when I was growing up?

Out of the blue I began to cry. Jack asked me what was the matter. I told him I didn't know. He consoled me, and the subject was dropped. But my mind went back to my early girlhood and I remembered clearly something I used to say. . . .

I was an only child and used to endless attention. My girlfriends and I would talk about marriage and husbands, and I'd often say, "Oh, sure, I want to get married. But I'll never have any children."

I never understood children, and I pretended they belonged to another world, not the world I lived in. Maybe I was jealous of them because grown-ups liked to make a fuss whenever they came into a room. This is probably why children never responded to my presence. They could sense that I dismissed them.

Then, when I became thirteen I embarked upon my dancing career at the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera company (I convinced Edwin Lester, the impresario, that I was sixteen, and I landed a role in the musical, *Song Without Words*.) Older dancers began confirming my childish fears about having children. "If you have a baby when you're married," they said, "it'll ruin your dancing muscles for life. Your legs will get weak, and you just won't be able to dance the way you do. You'll see—your career will be over!"

This scared me. Scared? Petrified! (Although much, much later I learned from my doctor this was all hogwash.)

After *Song Without Words*, I began performing at hundreds of charity recitals for the Assistance League in Hollywood. I did impersonations of Carmen Miranda or I'd dance Oriental-style to the music of *In a Persian Garden*. People would always come backstage and tell me, "Mitzi, you're so talented! You must make dancing your career!"

Well, I got spoiled. After a while I took all the backstage fuss over me for granted, even expected it. One day—I was still in my teens—a younger dancer who was eight years old shared the program with me, and when the recital ended everyone who came back praised her to the skies.

You can probably guess how this made me feel. Like a cast-off piece of clothing. And let's face it. The scene-stealing eight-year-old didn't exactly endear herself to my heart.

All through my growing-up years then I became suspicious of children and the affection everyone gave them. When I finally married Jack Bean after my twenty-first birthday in 1954, I never dreamed the day might come when I would want a child.

The first rejection

One evening when we were first married we visited a business associate of Jack's. The man and his pretty blonde wife had three young children. Jack had told me about the kids and how darling they were.

Well, children are sensitive, more sensitive than we realize. They have a built-

in radar. During dinner they paid very little attention to me, and after dinner when the time came for them to be tucked into bed, the little girl ran over and gave Jack a big fat good-night kiss on the cheek.

Her mother said, "Mary, don't forget to kiss Auntie Mitzi good night, too."

Mary bellowed, "No!"

Her mother insisted, "Mary, kiss Auntie Mitzi!"

Mary screamed no again, then reached over and pulled a button right off my dress. . . .

I was afraid

It's true. Wherever Jack and I went, children didn't take a shine to me. Who was to blame? I was. I never gave them any attention. To tell the truth, I was afraid of cradling a baby in my arms. . . .

But, then, one night we were dining at the home of some other friends. I was alone in the powder room after dinner. I was putting on fresh make-up, and a little golden-haired girl came into the room in her pink pajamas.

"Mommy . . ." she said, rubbing her eyes. "Mommy, please tell me a story."

I smiled a nervous smile.

Then, looking up at me, she said, "Oh, I thought you were my Mommy."

"Mommy's downstairs," I told her.

"I'm . . . I'm scared," the little girl said. Her golden hair reminded me of Rapunzel in the fairy tale. "I . . . I can't sleep, and I want someone to tell me a story."

I tried to control my nervousness. I had never told a child a story before.

Extending a small chubby hand, she said, "Would you tell me a story, please, a story that's nice to fall asleep to . . . ?"

"I . . . I . . ." I faltered, never finished my sentence. I just didn't know what to say. There I was, a grown woman, trembling in front of a child who offered me her hand with such confidence. The little girl wasn't afraid. But I was!

"My name's Tari. What's yours?"

It took me a moment to answer.

"Mitzi!" she repeated, smiling. "That's a pretty name to remember." Then, holding my hand tightly in hers, she asked again, "Please, Mitzi, please tell me a story."

Hand in hand, we walked out of the powder room into the long upstairs hallway. "My room's over there," she said.

I trembled. I was stunned. What was I going to tell her? I couldn't think of a single bedtime fable! Why did she want to spend time with me? Didn't she sense I felt strange and uneasy with her?

But destiny sent her that evening to me. Meeting this little girl was to be a turning point in my life. Tari held my hand tightly. She needed me. And she liked me.

Tari's mother must have heard our voices in the hallway, and she came up the stairway. "Tari?" she asked. "Why aren't you in bed?"

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Her big blue eyes beaming, Tari looked up at me and said, "I'm waiting for Mitzi to tell me a story."

Suddenly I melted. Tari's mother just said, "Mitzi, please make sure she's tucked in. Tari sometimes kicks the covers off."

Tari led me into her narrow room, dark with the shadows of the California night. I lit a lamp on the dresser, and Tari crawled into bed. After I tucked her under the covers, she reached out for my hand.

I can't remember what I told her. I rattled on and on, and, in a little while, her pretty blue eyes closed and she was sleeping soundly, blissfully. . . .

I started to tip-toe into the hallway to go downstairs. But no sooner did I reach the stairs than I began sobbing uncontrollably, hysterically, I went into the powder room and cried hot, miserable tears. *You fool*, a voice was telling me out of the back of my mind, *you silly, selfish fool!* Moments from my career paraded through my head in a dizzying whirl. Did they really matter?

No, I didn't have the answer right then and there. But, after I dried my tears and fixed my make-up, I went downstairs, and, all through the evening, I couldn't talk.

"What's the matter with you?" Jack asked me a couple of times, but I just shrugged my shoulders.

Later that night as we were driving home I told Jack everything. I told him about the older dancers who frightened me when I was younger, about how I resented children because they took attention away from me, about how I was always embarrassed by the way he attracted children.

"But now," I told him, "something's happened. I don't know what, but maybe it was the way Tari needed me. . . ."

That night, for the first time in my life, I wondered what it would be like for me to have a child.

Gradually, my attitude toward children began to change. I wasn't so afraid of talking to them, of giving them affection. When a neighbor woman came home from the hospital with her firstborn, I brought her some ice cream and cake and I asked if I could hold the baby in my arms. I wanted to. In the weeks that passed I would go over and talk goo-goo talk with the baby. I forgot about my dress wrinkling or my hair being mussed. Why should such superficial things matter when I held another life in my arms and gave it comfort and love?

More than anything now I pray God will give me a child. All that matters to me now is my marriage and the blessing of having a child come out of our love. Movie stardom? It can't measure up to the hearing the gurgle of a baby's laughter or wiping away a child's tear—*this is life!* And living is far more important than a name on a movie marquee.

But everything doesn't happen that easily in this world. There are complications. My doctor has told me only nine out of every ten women can have babies. He didn't say I can't have them. But he tells me to pray and to have faith.

"After you have your first," he says, "the others will be easier."

Each day—morning, noon and night—I pray to God to grant me this wish. I ask for his forgiveness, for being a child so long myself.

" . . . and a little child shall lead them," the Bible tells us. So each day when I pray to God to make my deepest dream come true I also thank Him for guiding me into the hands of young, golden-haired Tari. And I wait for the time when I can give my love forever to a child of my own.

END

Mitzi will be seen in HAPPY ANNIVERSARY for United Artists.

A Baby for Liz and Eddie?

(Continued from page 37)

we suspected all turned out to be false. That 'special glow' on Elizabeth's face was not the 'glow of pregnancy'—it was just the glow of a woman in love.

Nevertheless, the rumors persisted and recently hit print, showing up first in a Paris newspaper (we'll go into that in more detail later), then in a New York column which referred to "the honeymooning Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher" as "heir-conditioned," then in another column that made the outright statement that "Mrs. Eddie Fisher has a midwinter date at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center." This last item was immediately denied by another columnist, who quoted Dr. Anthony Di Sopa, chief obstetrician at Columbia as saying that "published statements about her (Elizabeth's) condition are inaccurate." It seemed odd to us that a doctor should have made such a statement, so we called Dr. Di Sopa. "I said nothing about Mrs. Fisher to anyone," he stated.

Ever since they fell in love

And that's the way it's been going, ever since Liz and Eddie first fell in love—innuendo and denial, or, to put the matter bluntly, just plain old-fashioned back-fence gossip.

MODERN SCREEN doesn't go in for gossip. We like our secretary's mother but we don't believe her—not yet anyway. Nor do we believe everything we read in the papers. Our policy is to get the truth firsthand, and so we went to England to find out for ourselves. . . .

The airline terminal when we arrived was crowded with London reporters waiting for Liz and Eddie's plane. We listened to their conversation: the refined accents could not hide the snickering cruelty of the words, words we have been hearing everywhere for so many months. We felt like going over to the loudest snickerer and gently reminding him that "to err is human, to forgive divine"—but just then everyone suddenly stopped chattering and watched expectantly as Liz and Eddie's plane glided down through the grey sky, dropped its landing gear, and gently came to rest on English soil.

Arm-in-arm, tanned from the Mediterranean sun, and smiling radiantly, Liz and Eddie stepped out and were immediately engulfed by photographers and reporters who swarmed around them like buzzing bees and threw out questions that stung. Liz and Eddie maneuvered through them graciously to the dark green Rolls Royce that waited. They got into the back seat, waved and smiled again, and the car purred slowly through the congested airport traffic and, once on the highway, sped to Englefield Green. . . .

Liz and Eddie sat silently, unhappily. Then Liz blurted out, "What made them ask such a thing, Eddie? Why did they have to . . . ?" She was angry. She was hurt. She didn't finish the sentence. There really wasn't much need.

They were both used to batteries of cameras, news conferences, cynical questions. "What are your plans for the future?" The query had come, tamely enough at that moment.

"I want to quit movies," she'd answered. "Settle down. A home is all in the world I want."

The scribes had shuffled their feet and raised their eyebrows. Then one had inquired, "Didn't you make a similar statement when you were here with Mike Todd eighteen months ago?"

Startled, she'd said, "Yes." She stopped. She began again. "But the circum-

stances . . ." She couldn't go on. How could she answer? Why should she? Everyone knew the circumstances.

A representative from the studio moved into the foreground. "The press conference is over," he announced curtly. "That's enough for today." Under his breath, he added, "Brother, it's more than enough for today!"

The car purred on through the green English countryside. The groom held the bride's hand. "We'll have some peace pretty soon," he said. "We'll be home in a little while."

"We're almost there now," the driver volunteered. "Did you know that when Marilyn Monroe was here she lived just down the road from Crown House . . . that's the name of your house y'know." And minutes later, "That's Crown House. Right up ahead."

Elizabeth saw the six-foot wall. "Privacy, she thought, blessed privacy. She sat up straight. "Barbed wire, too? And police?"

The driver nodded. "Neighborhood custom," he explained. "Whenever a celebrity rents one of the houses, the owner alerts the law to keep an eye on the place. Just to guard against any incidents."

The car turned into the driveway and came to a stop beside the house. The Fishers got out and found themselves surrounded again, but this time the crowd was a welcome one. The studio man and Mrs. Gratton-Storey, who'd arranged for them to live there, and three small citizens with very familiar and not at all forlorn faces. "Mommy! Eddie! Come look at the yard! Come see the house! Come on!"

They came and their new home was quite a sight. The ceilings were works of art. The carved wood paneling in the hall had come from an Italian palace. A stairway seemed to wind straight down from the sky into the side of the living room. "It's fantastic," Elizabeth blinked. But it wasn't long before she came down to earth, via the stairs. "It won't do."

"No," said Eddie. "It certainly won't."

The studio man was perplexed. In his mind's eye he couldn't imagine a more effective pathway for a star. What entrances an actress could make! "We'll have to have a banister." It was the mother he heard speaking, not the actress. "It has to be safe for the children."

He sighed. "Not being parents, I guess a studio overlooks that sort of thing," he admitted. "You'd better check around and see if there's anything else we've forgotten."

There was. A crib for Liza.

Publicity in their garden

They had another week before the start of the picture, and the Fishers had a chance to entertain. Sam Spiegel, the film's producer, dropped in and they found the visit recorded in the next morning's papers. Elizabeth got up from the breakfast table and went to the window. "In just which tree could the man have perched with his telephoto lens?" she wondered out loud.

"If you're not looking for publicity, you don't entertain guests in your garden," her husband reminded her.

They both grinned, remembering their cruise. Everywhere, they'd been met by reporters. They'd pose for pictures, then plead for privacy. "We're on our honeymoon. . . ." After a time, the press would vanish. In Portofino, the fourth estate had stuck like glue. "It's our honeymoon," Eddie began.

But a spokesman for the press interrupted. "If you're not looking for publicity,

you don't come to Portofino," he told them firmly. And shrugging his shoulders sympathetically, he'd gone on with the questioning.

During the days that followed at Englefield Green, the Fishers were hosts to Monty Clift. Director Joe Mankiewicz came to dinner, too. Michael Wilding paid them a call, bringing his wife Susan. She and Elizabeth had liked one another the instant they met and Susan shared her husband's love for his children. Of course, she wanted to see them. All the same, the Wildings and the Fishers would have probably garnered better notices if Michael had locked Susan in their flat when he drove away for his visit to Crown House. The newspaper editions that followed dubbed them highly civilized . . . in prose apt to make one wonder what civilization was coming to, and if it was advisable at all.

For the most part, they stayed at home. However, when they did leave their fireside, the eyes of the world followed. In London for a business conference one afternoon, they stopped by a pub. As they were getting ready to leave, Elizabeth took out her lipstick. "Would you like a mirror, dear?" asked the proprietor.

Elizabeth smiled a mischievous smile and shook her head. "I'll use my husband's eyes," she said.

It was charming in person. Slightly shmaltzy in print. One overcome columnist threw up typewriter keys.

There was the episode known as the great Van Cliburn crisis. On the day of his London recital, studio conferences were held. "Think they'll plan to go?" the executive shuddered at the possible consequences.

"He's a friend."

"Should we send someone with them?"

"If we do, they'll say it's a stunt."

"If we don't, they'll say the kids are on a phony culture kick."

"Get Eddie on the phone."

They did. "Yes, we're going," he told them. "We had a long talk about it."

The executive was on the verge of ordering a medal sent over for courage. "If you're sure then. . . ."

"We're sure," said Eddie. "We figured since it's an afternoon recital we can get home in plenty of time to have dinner with the kids."

The executive hung up, dazed. "Were they worried?" an aide asked him.

"Yeah." The big man smiled. "And do you know something? They're worried about important things! They've got something there. Something like the beginnings of a good marriage. . . ."

They settled down to everyday living, much like newlyweds, and everyday working. Eddie's accompanist, Eddie Samuels, was scheduled to arrive to work on some new arrangements. In the meantime, Elizabeth began her picture. It meant leaving home at seven thirty to be at the studio and ready to shoot by nine. Eddie was a frequent visitor. When a scene was finished she'd run to find him. And when the assistant director was calling for another take, he'd know where to locate Elizabeth. As likely as not, on Eddie's lap.

At first they were watched by a curious crew. But the oldtimers soon began to tender their opinions. "He's a thoughtful guy," said a propman. "And a teaser. Likes to refer to her as Madame, always giving her that 'at your service Madame' routine. He's devoted. But, mind you, he's not servile."

He brought her gifts. No diamonds. Packages of chewing gum . . . because she likes to chew gum between scenes. One morning, he bought her a gift on the way to the studio. She'd happened to glance out the window when the car stopped for a light. "Eddie . . . look! In the pet shop window. . . ."

"Could you pull over to the curb . . .

a few minutes?" Eddie asked the driver. That's how they acquired their Dandy Dinmont terrier.

When they reached the set, Elizabeth introduced their new acquisition. "Meet Maggie," she said triumphantly. "Maggie, the dog!"

Maggie became a regular on the soundstage. "Remarkable dog," everyone had to agree. "Only barks *between* takes."

At times Eddie visited alone. Other times he brought Eddie Samuels. And when the weather was too bad for the children to play outside, he'd have a lunch packed, bundle the kids into the car and they'd picnic in Liz's dressing room. Afterwards, he'd get the small fry and take them home.

But some evenings they were late. She and Eddie would watch the rushes with the rest of the cast after the day's shooting. In the car heading home she'd ask, "Eddie, what did you think about that last scene . . . ?"

Or he'd begin, "You know, Liz, in the scene where you. . ."

And they'd rehash her work all the way to Englefield Green. All wasn't cooing. They talked things over frankly, in a commonsense kind of way. Every so often she'd kid, "You're a very outspoken fellow."

"Mind?"

"No," she'd smile. "I don't mind at all."

He was proud of her . . . and his pride grew whenever there was a conversation about her on the set. "She's a real pro. Knows her lines right from the first take. Of course she doesn't like impositions. Can't stand 'em. But what pro can?"

At home with Eddie

That's the way it went on set. At home, Eddie helped her with her lines and she, in turn, heard the new songs he and Eddie Samuels had been rehearsing. "I like you better in person than on shortwave," she'd

grin. They both recalled the kick they'd gotten from hearing Fisher records, broadcast from all over the world, that they could pick up on the yacht's shortwave set.

There were surprises. The day Liz announced she knew the most wonderful place to dine. With a twinkle in her eye she said she'd just love to show it to Eddie and Joe. "What's the name of this fine establishment?" Eddie inquired.

"Raffatina Honorina," his wife replied. "French! Hey, where do we find it?"

"In Paris," Liz smiled.

They left on a Friday night and landed at Le Bourget airport at nine, and checked into the hotel Meurice a short time later.

They found the restaurant near a small market place in the Saint-Germain district. "Mike brought me here," Liz told her escorts.

She and Eddie could talk of Mike naturally. He'd been Elizabeth's friend. He'd been Eddie's best friend. He'd have approved. He'd have wanted it that way. Because they'd both known him so well and loved him, they knew this.

On Saturday they shopped. Elizabeth wanted to buy shoes. Photographers followed them down the Rue Saint Honore and into the shoe shop. Crowds gathered.

Eddie was asked to make a recording for AFN. An interview. He was taken aback by one question. "The way people talk about me, you're asking *me* to give advice?" he said. He said it good-naturedly. He was just surprised, that was all.

A bystander recalled the scene later. "Eddie's a nice boy," he said. "A real nice boy. He and Liz aren't two evil people. They're not trying to corrupt the world. All they ask is to be able to live in it. Together."

Back in London, the sky fell. During their stay in Paris, they'd agreed to see a

French reporter. The girl had spoken no English. They'd spoken no French. An interpreter had relayed the information that they'd come to Paris because they loved French cooking. And that had been about the extent of it.

The lowdown on Mike, Eddie, parenthood

They were in for the surprise of their lives when a copy of a Paris newspaper was called to their attention. Hot off the presses, so to speak. Really hot. The information had come straight from the new-lweds—a personal interview—the paper claimed. Elizabeth had spoken of Mike Todd, the writer said, and he offered the readers quotes. Some pretty disparaging ones. The subject of parenthood had also come up. And the article went on to give the impression that the Fishers had an announcement to make, but thought it might be proper to delay it.

One look at the paper and Elizabeth hit the ceiling. Eddie hit the ceiling, too. Mankiewicz, Spiegel and the rest of the studio powers joined them. Lawyers were called in, and the legal huddles began.

That's the way it went. The bitterness is still with Elizabeth and Eddie. For good reason. But many of the memories are good. They'll remember the jibes. Yet, they'll remember the cheers, too. . . .

"We'll be on our honeymoon for thirty or forty years," said the bride. Well, she's Elizabeth Fisher, not Barret, and she can sound as corny as any other deliriously happy bride. But no one who's been married thirty or forty years has been heard sneering. A honeymoon lasts, they'll tell you. In the heart. And after all, isn't that where it really belongs? **END**

Liz's latest pictures include *TWO FOR THE SEESAW* for United Artists, and *SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER* for Columbia.

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Maybe It's Love

(Continued from page 27)

the panel and tell which song I think will be a hit and which will be a miss. Panel shows are fun. But they're not anything to feel this exuberant about. . . .

At breakfast, her mother caught her mood immediately.

"Goodness, Sandy," she said. "You've certainly got out on the right side of the bed this morning. A pleasant dream?"

"Uh, huh. No dream. At least no dream I remember. I just feel bubbly."

She picked up the morning papers and looked at the TV section. There she was—*Juke Box Jury*—Sandra Dee, Annette Funicello, Ricky Nelson.

"Ricky Nelson," she murmured to herself. "I wonder how he'll like me."

Then—"I wonder if that's the reason I feel the way I do. . . ."

Sandy gulped down her breakfast and dashed back to her room. She had planned to wear a simple little cotton to the show that evening. Now it no longer seemed 'right.'

Sandy finally chose her most elegant gown—a satin Empire coat-dress, in a delicate eggshell color.

She got to the theater where the show is telecast a good half hour early.

When Ricky arrived, he looked so different. His unruly hair was combed neatly, he was all dressed up in a dark suit and white shirt and tie—a contrast from the casual informal clothes he usually runs around in. He looked older, more mature. *Sophisticated.*

Sandy looked at him and recalled how few boys she had known in her own age bracket, how she always preferred older men, how uncomfortable she always felt around teen-agers. But she didn't feel a bit uncomfortable around Ricky.

Ricky looked at Sandy and recalled how he always preferred a girl a year older than himself, how he never dug formal clothes on his dates, how uncomfortable he always felt around 'name' actresses. But not around Sandy. . . .

After the show Ricky asked Sandy if he could drive her home—maybe stop for a malt or something. And Sandy said yes, although she'd never before been able to manage to down a malt without gagging.

She couldn't manage the malt that night either—so Ricky did double duty. But it was being together that counted. . . .

It was a wonderful evening. But in some ways it was a frightening evening too. She felt different than she had with any other boy. And she wondered whether or not this was good. She wondered what the odds would be for her and Ricky to have a successful, fulfilling relationship. She had never had a fulfilling relationship with a boy before. In so many ways she and Ricky were different. In other ways they had much in common. And there were still so many things she didn't know. All she knew was that if he called she would use none of her old subterfuges to get rid of him as she had done with other boys in the past. She was still excited, she was still glowing when she fell asleep—wondering: *What would our chances be?*

Across town, Ricky too lay awake, wondering. Should he call again? Sandra was so different from most of the girls he knew, girls he could fun-date without worrying about the consequences either to the girl's emotions or to his own. *What would our chances be?* he asked himself again and again.

MODERN SCREEN wondered too. Theirs could be the loveliest romance of all. Each could fulfill the emptiness in each other that comes from not having someone spe-

cial to love . . . if they were right for one another. We've come up with a personality test, a kind of love meter. We think it could answer Ricky and Sandra's question: What are our chances?

What do you think?

Age

The facts:

Sandy: 17

Ricky: 19

Conclusion: We doubt a two year age difference will ever mean much in their lives.

Education

The facts:

Sandy: Educated by tutors in professional schools and graduated from U-I's studio school (June, 1959). Her best subjects were English and psychology. Her worst was math. She has no plans or desire for a college education.

Ricky: Graduated from Hollywood High June, 1958, with a B average. Favorite subjects were psychology and English Lit. Does not want to go on to college. Is continuing studies with private tutor Randolph Van Scoyk.

Conclusion: Neither is bookish . . . interests should coincide.

Family Background

The Facts:

Sandra: She's an only child. Her mother divorced her service-man husband shortly after Sandy was born. She never knew her real father but was wildly devoted to her stepfather, Eugene Douvan. When he died she was fourteen and was completely shattered. She and her thirty-six-year-old mother share a new house in Beverly Hills. She prefers her mother's company to that of girls her own age, finds it difficult to make friends with teenagers. She has no intentions of reconciling with her real father, makes all the decisions regarding her career and her way of life by herself. Her mother says: "I'm not raising Sandy, she's bringing me up."

Ricky: The younger of two sons, Rick's family background was perfect. The Nelsons' marriage has always been secure and they have tried to pass on their feeling of security to their sons. Ricky still lives with his parents in a large comfortable house in Hollywood. As he is maturing, he gradually is making more of his own decisions but still listens to and respects his parents' advice on matters they know more about. But he's growing independent, hopes to have a place of his own soon. His income and that of his folks are separate entities.

Conclusion: Both are extremely independent. Is that good?

Professional Background (And financial status)

The facts:

Sandy: Her step-father was a theatrical agent and friend of many Broadway stars. She grew up among theatrical people, mostly older ones. At twelve she started working as a professional model for *American Girl Magazine* at \$25 an hour. The year after she had appeared on her first cover she made the jump into show business via an appearance on the Vaughn Monroe Show. She was earning \$78,000 a year as a model by the time she came to Hollywood. She was always taken to the best restaurants, the best plays. She has no conception of money, gets no regular allowance, always has a little money with her—but whenever she wants anything, all she has to do is ask for it.

Ricky: As the sprig of Ozzie and Harriet he was raised in a show-business atmosphere, started working on his parents' show playing himself, when he was eight years old, made his first solo movie, *Story of Three Loves* at eleven. He can barely remember when he wasn't working. But he loves it. His money has been wisely

invested for him and he earned a six-figure income last year. He is definitely not money conscious, seldom has much with him, often borrows lunch money when he's out. He's on a ten-dollar-a-week personal allowance. He intends to remain in show-business.

Conclusion: Both have theater in the blood, cash in the bank. Neither is likely to be thrown by the other's glamour.

Temperament The Facts:

Sandy: She loses her temper quickly and blames it on the fact that she's growing up. Whenever she does *anything* she shouldn't she blames it on the fact she is growing up. She admits she talks too much. She cannot identify with girls or boys her own age.

Ricky: He resents being treated as a child or shoved around. He rarely shows evidence of temper although he has one. He is quiet-spoken and shy with adults and strangers. He identifies with teen-agers, is their staunchest defender.

Conclusion: Both have a temper. Sandy is the more self-confident of the two. Doesn't that signal bad arguments ahead?

What They Like The Facts:

Sandra: Eye-make-up, fancy restaurants, large lavish parties, cooking—especially Russian dishes, her two dogs—Pumpkin, a Pomeranian, and Melinda, her poodle, watching TV, flannel nightgowns, her champagne colored Thunderbird, mink, fancy dresses, fancy jewelry, shopping sprees, rare steaks, long-distance phone calls, Rock Hudson movies, hamburgers, black sheaths, reading, Las Vegas, riding horseback, Raymond Burr on *Perry Mason*, fresh fruit, raw lettuce, amusement parks, the colors blue, orchid, silver . . . Gregory Peck.

Ricky: Rock 'n' roll, figure skating, bull-fighting, drums, blue jeans, white shoes, cashmere sweaters, malts, chocolate milk, the outdoor life, ranching, playing tennis, sleeping late, going to bed late, motorcycles, hamburgers with mayonnaise, drive-in movies, horseback riding, informal parties, Elvis Presley, performing in front of live audiences, foreign cars, girls who share his specialized interests in music and sports.

Conclusion: No real difficulties here. After all, they should be able to afford both hamburgers and malts.

Their Dislikes The Facts:

Sandra: Criticism and misunderstanding from strangers, chocolate, which she has been allergic to since she was nine, her father whom she hasn't seen since she was a baby and doesn't remember, malts, eating a great deal, facial make-up, house-cleaning, most active sports, people who are overly demonstrative, wolves (the two-legged variety), exercises, doctors, vaccinations and injections of any kind, her nick-name, Sandy. Rock 'n' roll music.

Ricky: Liquor, his nick-name, dressing up, formal parties, Ivy League clothes, girls who pretend to be something they ain't, the word cute, alarm clocks, criticism and misunderstanding of teen-agers, dentists, studying, large premieres, hair-cuts, the color black which depresses him.

Conclusion: Sandra might do well to pick up on that rock 'n' roll.

Personal Habits The Facts:

Sandra: She's always well groomed, both at home reading and watching TV—and when she leaves the house, whether it's to go to a local super-market or on a date or party. Her room, however, is always in a chaotic condition. She admits

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she's messy, drops things all over her room and leaves them there. Her mother says, "When Sandra is deciding which dress to wear her bedroom looks like the aftermath of a cyclone."

Ricky: Despite his fondness for jeans and a complete casual look he manages to always look neat and well-groomed, shuns the torn T shirt, dirty sneakers bit. His room, however, is always in a chaotic condition. He admits he's not the neatest person in the world, and although he can't stand messy rooms, "My room is usually a mess of guitars, records, books, shirts, socks all lying around. I just walk around in the debris a couple of days and when I can't stand it any more I put things away. Two days later I'm walking around the debris again."

Conclusion: Since marriage isn't in the picture, is sloppiness really such a problem?

Attitudes about Dating The Facts:

Sandy: She dated less than most girls her age; never had a date until she was past fifteen, then started going out casually with the young Hollywood set. She saw a great deal of Lindsay Crosby last winter, but it wasn't serious. She dated Troy Donahue during filming of *A Summer Place*—but that was for publicity. She's undemonstrative usually on dates, rarely shows affection or outward emotion. She uses such dodges as, "Tell him I'm in the tub," when a boy calls that she doesn't want to speak to. She won't kiss a boy good night because it's time to say good night. She doesn't believe in first-date kissing.

Ricky: He started 'dating' girls when he was twelve. First to school parties, then to local movies, double dates occasionally, prefers to see a girl alone. Once a girl crowds him he feels a prompt and orderly

retreat is necessary. He's against going steady. Doesn't like to be tied down. It makes him feel he is getting trapped. When he dates a girl to a point where she begins to get possessive he just withdraws. He uses such dodges as, "Maybe we're seeing too much of each other." He never formally broke off a friendship—just lets them fade away. He'll kiss a girl the first time he goes out with her if he thinks the time is right. If he likes a girl he wants to kiss her good night.

Conclusion: When two play hard to get, no one gets anything . . .

Attitudes About Love and Marriage The Facts:

Sandy: (A year ago): I won't get too involved in my career at the cost of my happiness. All I want to do is get married and have a lot of kids—no later than twenty-two. When I do, I'll quit.

(A month ago) Marriage used to be my big ambition. It's still terribly important to me or will be—but being a great actress, a fine one, is the most important thing now. I know that one day a long time from now I'll meet someone who means more to me than anything. Then I'll get married. Of course I'll stay with my career—but I'll devote more time to my marriage. That's the only way to be happy.

Ricky: He dislikes marriage talk. "I've got to make sure a girl likes me for what I am . . . what I really am. Marriage? What's the hurry? I'm not going to wait until I'm an old man of twenty-nine like Dad did but right now I'll play the field."

Conclusion: It seems to us we've heard those songs before. Do you think this all could add up to love? END

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Letter from Alan Ladd

(Continued from page 39)

a name for yourself in pictures. It seems only yesterday that Sue and I got you, pretty much the hard way, Son. You don't remember that, of course. But your birthday is one day neither your mom nor I will ever forget.

We were both at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood that February 5, 1947. It was along about four o'clock in the afternoon, as I remember, and already the winter light was getting dim. Your mother was where mothers have to be when they have babies—in the delivery room. I was in a cell where they put fathers. Some places call it *The Stork Club*, which is a grim sort of joke. It's no fun spot, David, as you'll find out some day. The suspense is terrific. I'd been in a place like that twice before, sweating in your big brother, Laddie, and your sis, Lonnie. But it never gets any easier—and this time it was rough, very rough.

We'd been there since long before dawn and I'd walked the nap off the rug, piled up a mountain of cigarette butts and raked out half my hair. Every time a nurse padded by out in the hall or a dish clinked in a cart I jumped. Sometimes I'd think I heard a cry and I'd jump again. Nerves. I'd hear that crack, *We've never lost a father yet*, but it wasn't funny.

Because, suddenly the doctor was standing before me in his mask and white surgical gown and what he said bluntly was, "Well, Alan, which do you want—your wife, or your baby?"

"I want both," I told him and my words sounded faint and far away in my ears. So I said them again, whirling on him unfairly, like an angry terrier and barking it out so the whole place could hear, "I want both—you hear me—both!" He gave me a long, tired look, and went out.

Well, I got both, David. I got you and kept your mother, too, thanks to a skillful physician, the Supreme Power and maybe my own stubborn unreasonableness. You were finally born a perfect baby, but Sue—she dipped down into the shadows. Her pulse was gone until stimulants brought her back to life and she held on. But for two days after it was nip and tuck.

Old enough to understand now

I've never told you this before, David, but I think you're old enough now to understand that there are times when you have to gamble. Someday you'll know that a man is only half a man without the woman he loves. And that people who are married are only half married without their children. So I had to go for broke for you both—and I'm mighty glad I did.

Now, I want to tell you about another gamble I had to take—this one not so long ago, when we were both up in Cedar City making *The Proud Rebel*. Remember that scene where I tell you you have to go to the doctor? Then you kneel down and hug your dog, King, for comfort and courage? Some critics tag it as one of the best child scenes ever played. I'll never forget it, because it almost ripped my heart out. Not the scene, but what I had to do before you made it.

I guess you were tired that day, or maybe finding out what you know by now—that acting's not all a game, but hard, emotion-drawing work sometimes. Anyway, David, you just weren't with it at first. There you were kicking your feet in the dirt, hopping around and playing, your mind miles away from the job you had to do—and it was a big job, I'll admit. I was trying to act and sweating you in,

too, and could be I was pressing you too hard. But you just weren't giving, you weren't interested and that was no good.

I knew what I had to do, so I took you for a walk up the road—and I let you have it hard and straight. "David," I said, "Look—if you don't want to work with Daddy, you don't have to any more. You can forget the whole thing right now, get off the picture and go home today. The way you're acting I'm not sure I ever want to work with you again."

We broke for lunch about then and you disappeared, to eat with the crew, I thought, as you like to do. But you didn't eat at all and when Mommy and I finally found you in a barn nearby you were huddled with three dogs and two donkeys (as your mother said, "like a child in a manger") sobbing your heart out. "I do want to be an actor," you choked when I

Ingrid Bergman said about Ernest Hemingway: "It's easy to act the roles created by Hemingway. An actress can digest the words easily, and doesn't need salt or pepper."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

asked you what was wrong, "but I can't be as good an actor as you are, Daddy."

Well, David, you could and you were, after that—a better actor than Daddy, and never any more trouble. But I haven't told you about that gamble I took: If you had said Yes to my offer to go home—why, we were half way through the picture and that would have killed it and cost the company plenty—still, Davy, I was serious. My relationship with you meant more to me than any money or any picture and I had to straighten it out.

As I look back, it's always been a mighty close relationship, David—for a lot of reasons: Maybe because we got you so precariously, so dangerously. Maybe because you're the baby of the family. Maybe because, as your mother swears, you're a "carbon copy of your dad."

You see, I never knew my dad, really, David. He died when I was only four years old and, after a pretty rough go of it alone, my mother married another man. He was a good man, and good enough to me. But he wasn't my real dad and that makes a difference. When your big brother, Laddie, was born, things were pretty desperate with me. I was struggling for a toe-hold in Hollywood. I didn't have a chance to buddy with him until later when he was fairly grown up. But when you came along I was over the hump and things were easier. So we could be pals from the start.

Up here on this Nevada ranch where we're shooting *Guns of the Timberland* I think especially of you, David, and I miss you. It's logging country crowded with tall dark trees and, if you could shinny up one, it seems as if you could pick the stars right out of the sky, they're that close. You'd like it but maybe not as much as our ranch out in Hidden Valley. Somehow the ranch and you go together in my memory. I got that place about the same time I got you and it's where you practically grew up.

That was the first piece of land I ever owned, David. The first land a man owns does something substantial for him, just as a son does. They're new chances and he wants to make something important out of them both.

I guess you had about everything out there to make a kid happy, David—dogs, horses and room to run them—chickens, rabbits, pigs, cows, sheep—yep, and

rattlesnakes, too. I'll never forget the scare you gave me one day down by the barbecue pit. About two you were then and I didn't pay much attention when you kept pointing to some shaking grass and chattering. "See—see—see—!" Lucky for us old Jezzie, our boxer, sniffed out the snake and started barking, or—let's don't think about it. I got him with a rock and we cut off the rattles, which Lonnie promptly stuffed in her mouth. But she was only four and didn't know any better.

I don't know which shook up your mother most—that or the time she caught me out there with you on one knee and Lonnie on the other and thought—what a sweet family picture! Only, Davy, when she found out what was really going on—wow! I was cutting off your golden curls with the horse shears and Lonnie was catching them as they dropped. You looked like a cherub by Raphael before that, it's true, and it was also true that your Mom cried, "They'll never grow back!" They didn't and I guess you can thank me, Son, for hair that looks as if it was ironed, just like your dad's.

But I told her then, "If he's a boy, then, by God, he's going to look like one!"—and I'm sure you approved. I also said, "Sue, you take care of the girls and leave the boys to me. I understand 'em."

Advantages don't make a gentleman

Then there were two years in Europe, '53 to '55, which is quite a hunk out of a kid's life, isn't it? That was the Grand Tour, all right, for all the lucky Ladds and some rugged picture work for Daddy. But, you know, Sue and I never were quite sure what you were getting out of it, David. Seemed to us all you cared about was trying to locate an American hamburger, with the works, until I finally fried you one myself in the kitchen of a fancy Swiss hotel.

But we were wrong. How can parents know everything that a boy's mind sops up? You learned a lot—from your tutor and the sights you saw. When we got back they boosted you two grades at school, and it's been mostly straight A's at Black-Foxe and Harvard Military academies since.

I'm pretty proud of those A's, David—as I am of your spot on the swimming team, the baseball squad and in the band. Maybe I'm even prouder of what your dancing teacher reported to your mother just the other day. "I want to tell you, Mrs. Ladd," she said, "what a nice boy your David is. There are girls, you know, who aren't so pretty and don't get invited to dance. They stand around embarrassed, and most boys let them. But when I pointed this out to David, he said, 'Sure—I understand,' and danced with them all." You've had all the advantages, I suppose, a boy could ask for. But that doesn't necessarily make a gentleman. Consideration for others does.

I didn't have any of the things you have, David, when I was a kid. No private schools, trips abroad, dancing classes, horses and nice clothes. When you got that Playboy motor bug your last birthday I couldn't help thinking of the bike I got one Christmas, fourth or fifth hand, I imagine. It cost \$3 but it was the most wonderful treasure in the world to me.

We were poor, very poor. After my father died my mother washed and cooked for people to take care of me. Later on she married a housepainter, and that was no road to riches in the Depression. We jolted West from Arkansas, Okie style, in a Model-T, and my stepfather painted houses along the way for gas and food. . . .

It's natural, though, I suppose, to want your kids to have the things you didn't have. The less you've had the more you want to give them. If there's anything

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you kids have lacked I don't know what it could be. Sometimes that's worried me. I thought maybe I was spoiling you rotten, until I found out that none of you were the spoiling kind.

But I've been strict. You know it, Davy, so do all the rest. I don't think I've ever had to lay a hand on you. Most times I've never even had to say a harsh word. Just a look and you knew what I meant and that I meant it. I figure that's my duty to you. I believe discipline is good for children, David. I think it gives them character and security. One thing I've always cracked down on hard, as you all know—family squabbles.

Remember that playhouse we built for Lonnie? It was her special castle with her own key and she didn't like you messing around there when you got old enough to be a pest, did she? We got a lot of complaints from Lonnie about that situation and a few stormy scenes. And then suddenly it was solved—by Lonnie herself.

She came into the breakfast room one morning when your mom and I were having our coffee. "I'm getting too big for that old playhouse," she said, handing us the key. "Why don't we give it to David? He'll like it. He's just a kid," she added, covering up.

We were pretty pleased with the way Lonnie handled that family problem, And we're just as proud of the way you're handling this star business that's happened to you, David. If I hadn't known you could it wouldn't have happened, believe me. If there's one thing I can't take it's a precocious Hollywood kid with a head blown up like a balloon. . . .

Remember our talk when Sam Goldwyn, Jr. came up with the idea of casting you as David in *The Proud Rebel*? I was excited, as you were. I knew you could do it. What I didn't know was if you really

wanted to do it or if I really wanted you to. So we sparred around for a while. It was a pretty big decision for us both.

"Well," I finally said, "Do you want to try it, David?"

"Sure!" you came back. "But what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to be a little boy," I told you.

"Heck," you grinned, "that's what I am and what I still will be."

So I had my answer—and my promise.

You've never let me down on that promise. Davy—not for a minute. Even though all that fan mail you're dragging in makes our secretary, Muriel, work nights, even though you've already copped a lot of awards. Neither all these radio and TV interviews, nor those rock 'n roll records that are wowing the teen-agers have given you big ideas. On that p. a. tour, Carol Lee tells me you worried more about your collie, Lance, back at the ranch than you did about how you looked to kids mobbing you for autographs. I know you aren't exactly living it up on a dollar-a-week allowance, either. And that twenty-five cents an hour dusting shelves at Higgins-Ladd hardware store in Palm Springs isn't exciting along side a movie check. But, believe me, those are the things that make it all right with me.

I know now I wouldn't have missed doing that picture with you, Davy, even if I made it for nothing. Frankly, I didn't want to play your dad on the screen at first. I wanted to be your dad, not play him. But not every father gets a chance to start his son off in his own footsteps.

I've always had a great respect for the moving picture business, David. It's been good to me. I didn't have anything and it's given me everything. Not only security but the satisfaction of doing what I wanted to do and being what I wanted to be. 63

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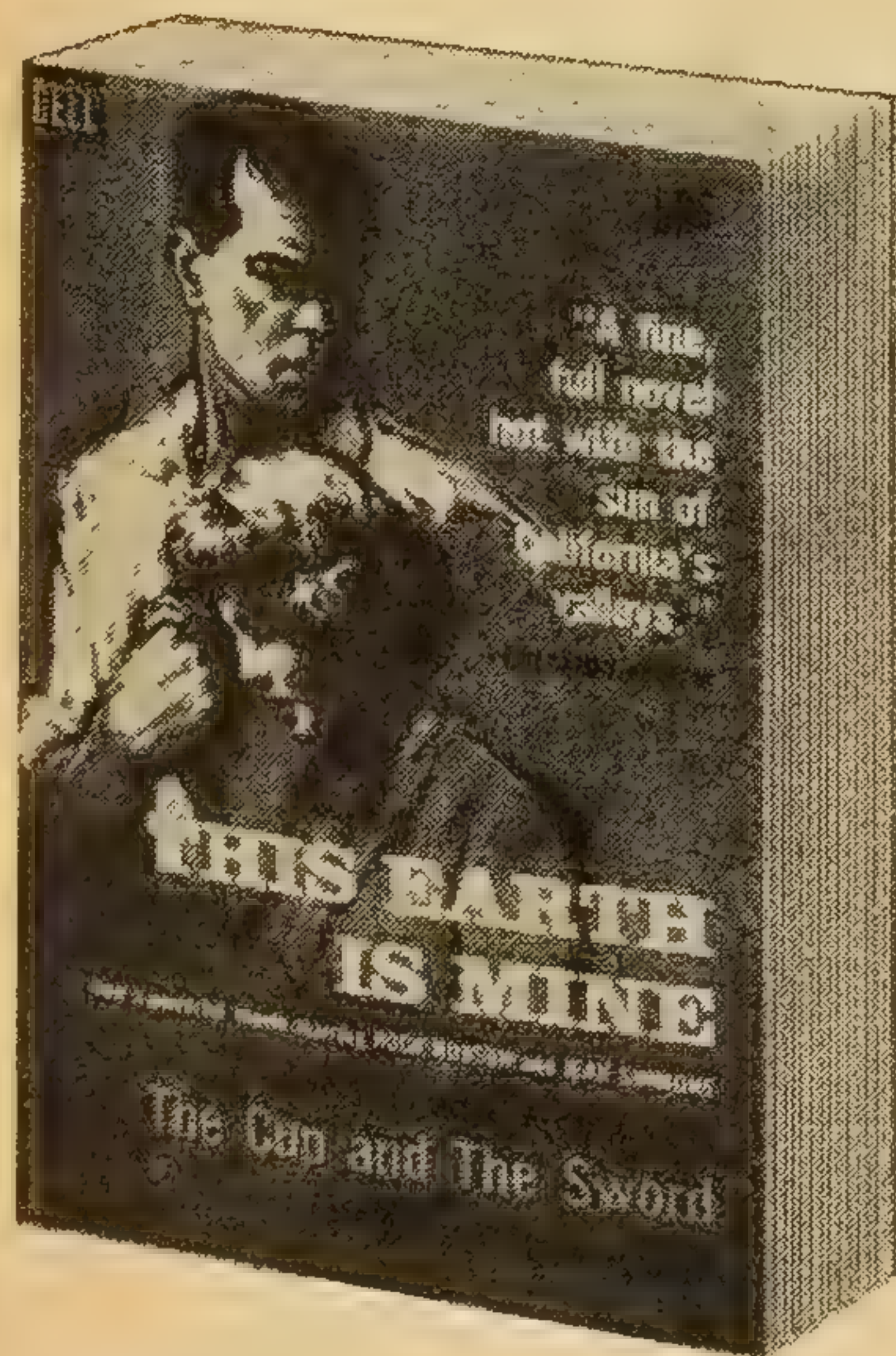
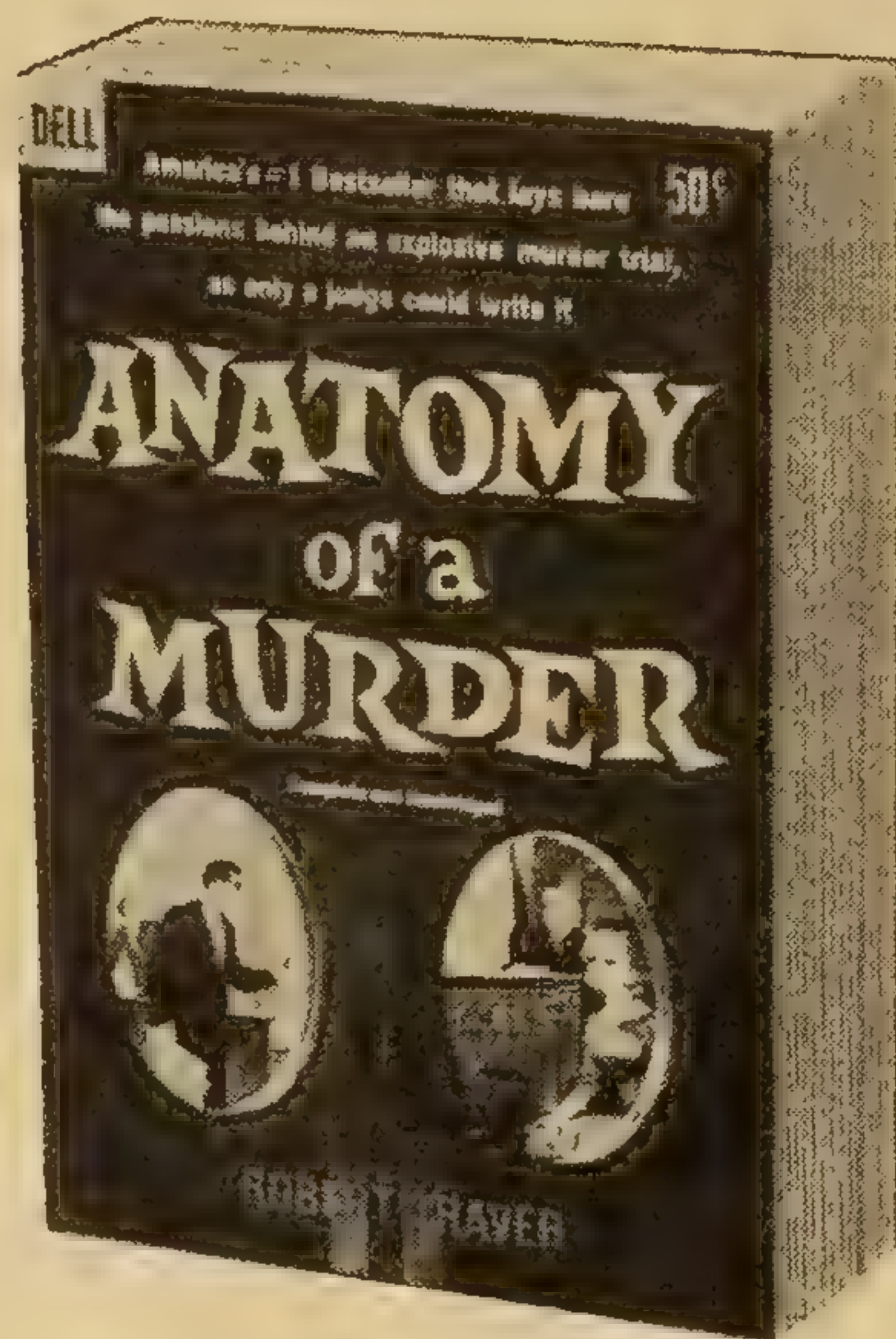
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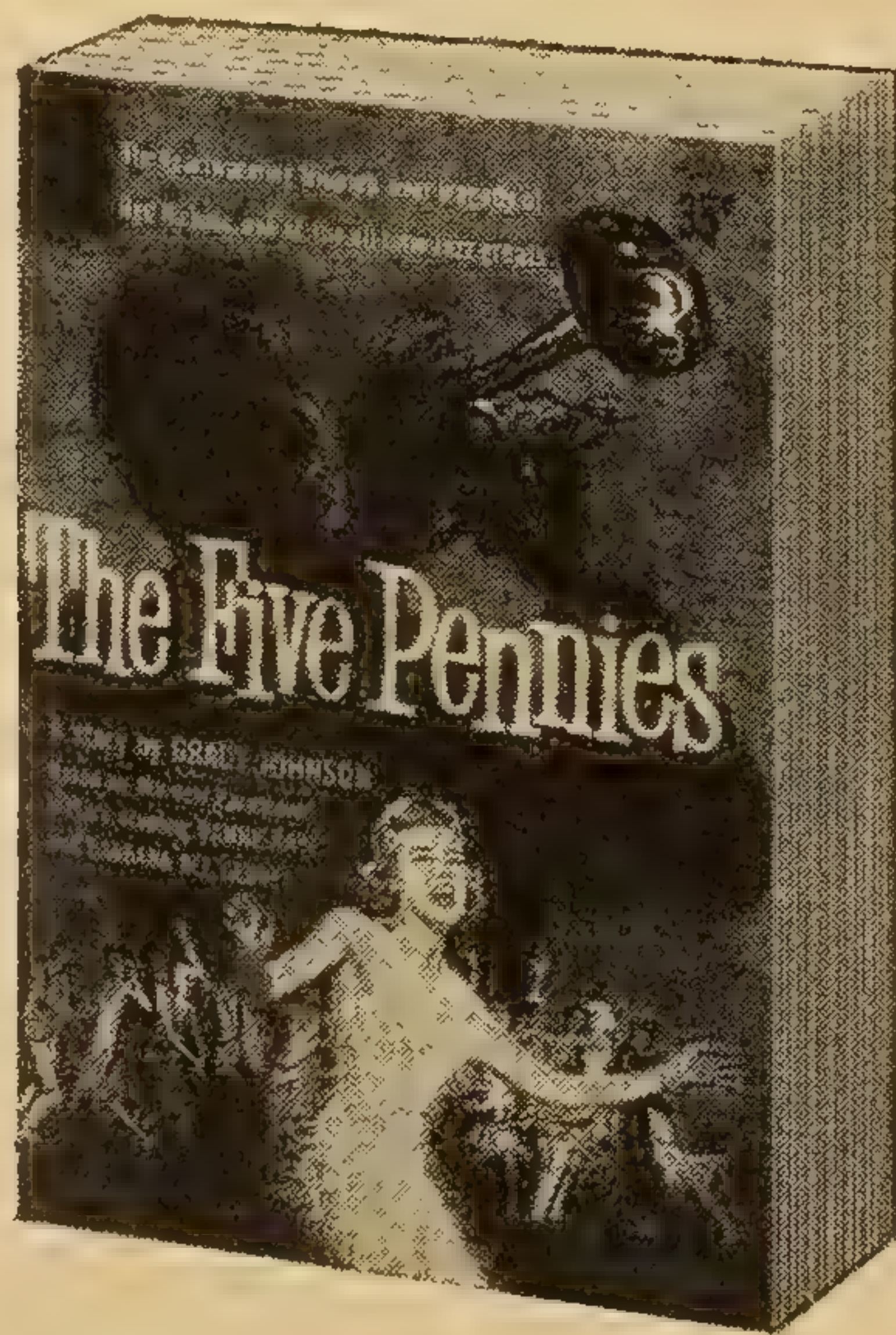
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My break didn't come fast, as yours has, David. I suppose I worked in fifty or sixty pictures before anyone knew who Alan Ladd was. I was an extra, I played bits. I even did a stretch as a 'grip' up on the catwalks, and I've still got my union card to prove it. I was slugging away at dinky radio jobs when your mother heard me on a show and called me in to her office. She was an agent then and a good one. She still is at heart and, by the way, Davy, when you want advice on this new career of yours, you listen to your mom.

Because, after she signed me on as a client we fell in love and I signed her on for life. It's the best deal I ever made, but business was the last thing on my mind. Sue Carol was the prettiest actress in Hollywood when she was sweet sixteen and in my eyes she always has been. They wrote a song about her once, *Sweet Sue*. That's your mommy.

I guess down deep Sue always hoped you'd want to act, David, just as I guess I did. For her it's a second chance, as it is for me—where we both came in. We've felt that way about all our kids. They've all had their chances with our boost and blessing. You know, we talked Carol Lee into majoring in Dramatics at UCLA and she graduated *cum laude*. But what she really wanted was a husband, a home and children. She has those now with John Veitch and little Jonathan Alan, just three months old. In a way, that happened, too, because of Hollywood. If Sue and I hadn't made an Army hospital tour on the movie-star circuit we'd never have met Johnnie, badly wounded, liked his looks and encouraged him to come out here after the war. Now he's helping me produce pictures, so Carol Lee's still represented. Then Laddie grew up and tried his luck on the set. Acting wasn't his dish, though; he liked the business end. Now Laddie's an agent and doing so well that we'll dance at his wedding to pretty Patty Beazley this fall. As I write, Lonnie's up here with me getting her feet wet playing a junior romance with Frankie Avalon. You know how Lonnie is these days at sixteen—lost in a dream world all her own—so you can't tell if it's for real with her or not. We'll see.

A real trouper

Looking back, though, it was always real with you, David. You got the genes from both sides of the house. You know, we named you after an actor, David Clyde. I used to room with him in those hunger days, and he was like a father to me. He's dead now, but he'd be proud that a trouper's bearing his name. Because, almost from the start, Davy, that's what you were.

You had the bounce, the beans, the winning smile and the talent, too, that it takes. Just the other day for instance, when Walt Kent came out to work you up for those Dot records—what's the one I like, *Can I Carry Your Books?* You'd never sung a note, but you got the beat and bent your notes like Frank Sinatra in no time. "He catches quick and likes it, doesn't he?" Walt said. That's how it always was. . . .

I took you on my sets, Son, as soon as you could toddle and I don't know of a location you missed—until this one, but now you're too busy. Most of the crew who used to ride you on the camera dollies are still with me, so going to work for the first time wasn't really as rough as starting off to school.

Tiny but tough

But you were never a Hollywood kid in the obnoxious sense of that word. You were all boy—jeans, T-shirt, dirty neck, scraps and everything. And speaking of that first day at school—did you ever yell when we started you at Westlake, where



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Lonnie went! "That's a girls' school," you squawked. "What do you think I am, a sissy?" You're still touchy about Westlake, but it was only for kindergarten and it was close to home. Next to that, the only thing that really bugged you—and I guess still does—is being on the small side. Four-feet-eight and seventy-two pounds isn't your idea of what a Little League pitcher should register, is it? I know how you feel.

I was a shrimp, too, at your age. They called me *Tiny*, and it's a tug that still makes me wince. But I finally sprouted and so will you. And, if you'll let me brag a little, when I hit high school I captained the track, swimming and football teams. There are some records I made in the sprints, shotput and free-style swim still standing in the San Fernando Valley high school league today. What's more, I was headed for the Olympics as a diver, only I got a little girl crazy about then, didn't practice and the coach dropped me. Just remember this—you don't have to be big to be good. There was a little guy with your same name, David, who knocked over a giant with a sling-shot and went on to become King of the Israelites.

The importance of fans

I think you like the girls too, Davy, and the girls like you. Who's the latest—your pal Bill's sister? Well, there'll be others and that's as it should be. When you grow up you go along best two-by-two in this world. Plenty of time for that, of course. I just hope when the time does come you're smart and lucky enough to pick one like your mother. Right now, as you told me the other day, girls write you and you don't know how to answer—but *answer*, David, it's important to know how they feel. They are very important to you.

Don't ever forget your fans. They're the ones who hire you, David, pay your salary and keep you working. You're just as good as their opinion of you, no better. You'll find it rewarding to like them back. Fans have been my friends, they've stayed with me in my house and a lot of them have wound up working for me. I always appreciated them and they made me what I am today. There's a responsibility you'll take on as an actor and I hope you never let it lag: always live up to what the people who see you think they see in you.

But the important thing Mommy and I want you to know right now is this: it's great to see you make movies as long as it's fun for you. But nobody's pressing and there's no sweat. You can stop whenever you want to. I know you don't want to. Like me, you're a guy who can't sit still. You want to do everything now, all at once. But there's school and sports, fun and just growing up, too, to think about. We don't want to gain a star in the Ladd family and lose a boy. You're the last one we have.

I guess that about wraps it up, David. It's late and tomorrow's a rough day. But I'm glad I had this talk with you because, to tell the truth, I needed it more than you did. Mommy sends her love and says to wash your hands and comb your hair once in a while. Lonnie wants to know how you did it and please keep out of her room. I say I'd rather be David Ladd's dad than Alan Ladd any day. And, before I forget, have Muriel shoot up one of your pictures and you might scribble your name on it. I'll run into that Reno kid again, and I promised.

On second thought, better make it two pictures. He has a sister. . . . So long, Cowboy, and lots of love,

Daddy

The Love Life of Debbie Reynolds

(Continued from page 21)

Walter Winchell discovered her doing "the bright lights bit," and the whole world observed that she had accepted a diamond brooch from Bob Neal as casually as a kid would take a stick of chewing gum. She was seen in a strip joint with millionaire Harry Karl, and in a restaurant with the King of Belgium, and Eva Gabor was suddenly her best friend, and there were rumors linking her with a married man.

None of it sounded like Debbie. A picture of that big empty chair kept getting in the way. An empty chair in an empty living room in an empty house. Why, you wondered, isn't Debbie looking for a man to be a father to Carrie and Todd?

Not that you can just go out daddy-shopping, pick someone who's the right size, or whose eyes go nicely with your wall paper. First you fill the heart, then the chair. But the thing that's alarmed and confused everybody is that Debbie acts as though her heart's the last place she wants to hear from. She says she's in no mood for marriage, she's in the mood for freedom and fun.

It's like a movie where the hero keeps calling for madder music and stronger wine, and underneath it all he's dying.

The letter

The new picture of Debbie Reynolds disturbed not only MODERN SCREEN's editors, but also a lot of readers who've written in. We think we ought to reprint one letter, because it moved us. It's from a girl in Pennsylvania, and she (we won't disclose her name) asked us to send it on to

Debbie if we thought it wasn't "too fresh." We think it's just fresh enough. It goes:

Dear Debbie:

This is a nervy letter to write, but I have to do it because I feel so bad. So who is this nut, you're most likely saying, that I should worry how she's feeling. Well let me tell you who I am, and don't quit reading yet, please. I'm a fan and I'm still in high school and you've always been my favorite movie star.

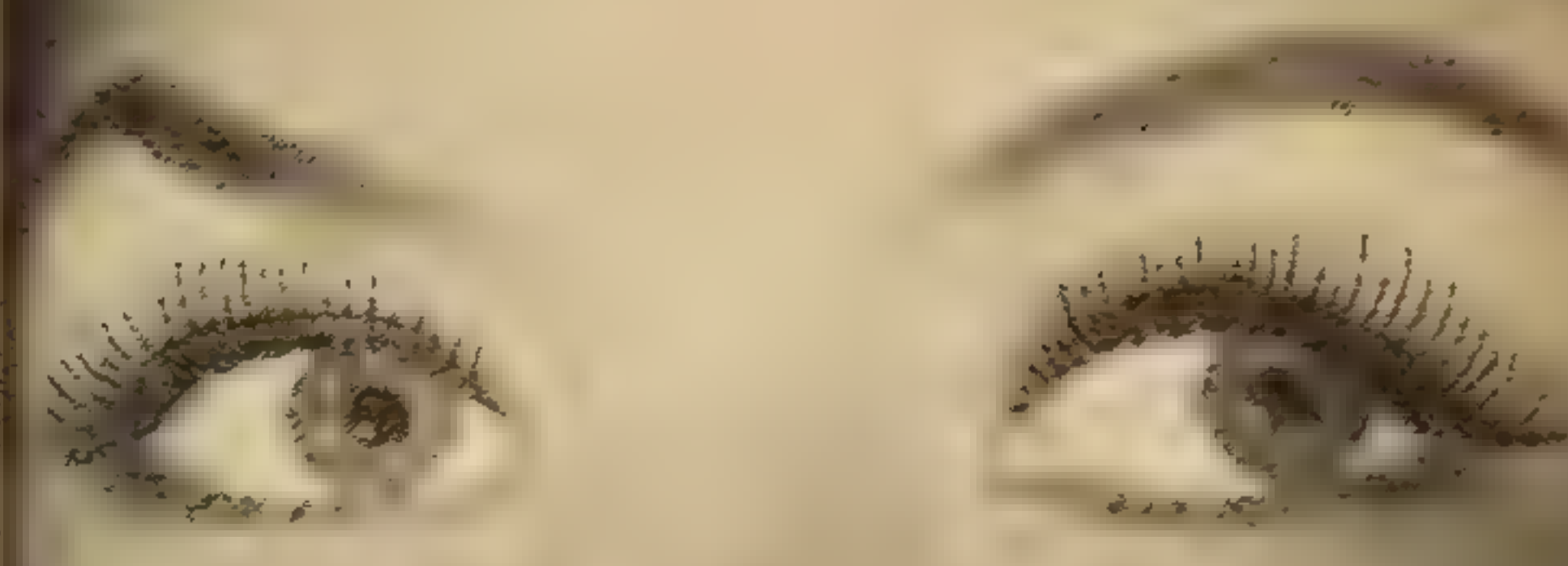
I enjoyed other movie stars but it was different. I mean I could get a kick out of how gorgeous they made up their eyes and everything, but there was something so special about you. Like you could have been my sister or even me, if I was prettier and had talent.

My mother wasn't crazy about my reading movie magazines until I showed her articles about you. She had this idea Hollywood was Sinsville and all the stars over sixteen were divorced at least once. Well, do you remember the stories where you told how you were president of the Non-Neckers' Club when you were a kid? And how you weren't ashamed to sell Girl Scout cookies even after you got married? Boy, plenty of us that used to be scared of being called square quit worrying.

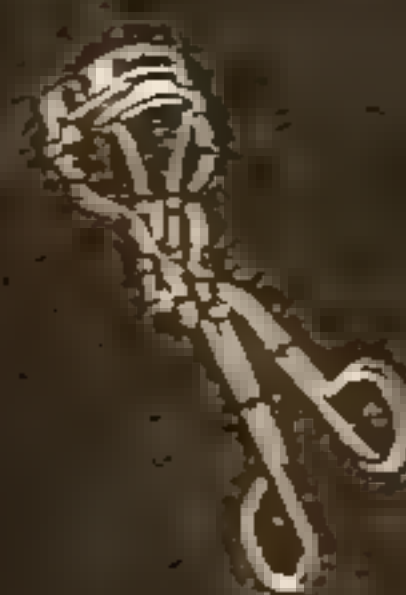
And I remember that you would wear clothes your mother made for you, and you were proud how nice they were, and the other stars had thousand-dollar gowns, but you looked better than all of them.

Well, not that you still don't look better than everybody, but in the papers there's this news how you don't want to get married, and you won't pose with the babies

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and you neck with guys in night-clubs and all your clothes and hairdo and everything is like out of a mold.

Listen, Debbie, I don't blame you that you want to have a good time, but don't you think all those kings and millionaires are too sophisticated for you? I mean you've had some of the crummiest breaks in the world, but it's just not your nature to be a cafe society girl. In my opinion anyway. Even if you would drink champagne and drive men crazy three times a day and more on week ends, I wouldn't believe you were enjoying it. I mean I don't want to sound like a lecture, but you have to be true to yourself and you were always a home kind of person.

Once you said this thing that tore me up. It was after you and Eddie split, and you said, "We dreamed too big—"

I can't stand to think that now you'll dream smaller. Or get smaller. I mean this country is full of beatniks and nuts and atom bombs, and everybody is yelling tomorrow we die so let's throw our ideals out in the garbage, but you always seemed so good, and you stood for something.

I don't mind somebody else losing their sense of values, but not you. I mean if you're shaken, I'm shook.

She figures she's been wrong

This letter is only one of many. There were others who reminded us of Debbie's tough time with Bob Wagner, several years ago. She cared, he didn't. She stuck her little chin out, announced she'd been jilted, and rolled with the punch.

They say she carried a torch that time, too, but the experience didn't change her basic ideas about love. She still wanted a boy who'd fit in with her family (her nice, middle-class family who'd brought her up in Burbank, and who'd cared so much about her they'd been willing to let her practice the tuba right in the house). She wanted a boy who'd love kids, and home-cooked meals, and evenings by the fire.

She tried to tell herself Eddie was that boy, because she wanted him, but she picked wrong again. And two wrongs don't make a right. The trouble is that this time, Debbie seems to have figured out it's she who's been wrong, and not the men.

She who'd just about quit pictures for home life and motherhood—she didn't work for nearly two years while she was married—is now in the wildest of career throes. She's booked solid until 1960. (But when does she see the babies?)

She who used to run around in pigtails and dungarees has been voted one of the best-dressed women in America. (But don't you cherish more deeply the picture of her in a funny little blouse with diaper pins stuck through the front of it?)

She who loved the sun, the beach, the early life, now plays the Late Show in night clubs on both coasts. (But remember

when her eyes were so bright she didn't need diamonds to light herself up?)

Bob Neal and Harry Karl, the two men with whom Debbie's name is presently linked, have been described as 'fun-loving millionaires.' They run with the movie crowd, they enjoy being seen with stars.

Karl, a shoe manufacturer, is the ex-husband of Marie MacDonald, and he's getting over a bruised heart of his own. (He was engaged to Harry Cohn's widow, but she changed her mind.) Incidentally, Karl has rented a house in Honolulu, where Debbie, her parents and the babies will vacation soon.

Neal, whose money comes from oil and Maxwell House Coffee, has never been married at all, though he's circulated around Hollywood for some thirteen years, romancing glamour girls.

Neal doesn't like involvements but he doesn't mind publicity, which Debbie attracts by the carload. Telling a friend about a party to which he took Debbie, Neal said, "It was really upper class movie people, and they all gathered around Debbie. She was the most popular girl there!"

He also mentioned doing New York with Debbie. "Mobs of people, from headwaiters to newsboys ran up and told her how terrific she was."

This isn't to say that Neal doesn't admire Debbie, her stardom aside. He thinks she's "the brightest girl I've ever known," and he's more than willing to piece out her jewelry collection. "It's all a matter of relativity. Some other guys can give a girl a box of candy for a going-away present. I can give a diamond brooch. Besides, you can't take it with you."

Debbie's fond of Neal too. He's amusing, generous, thoughtful. He and Harry Karl are both reputed to know how to flatter women, and Debbie, so recently rejected and humiliated, is ripe for a little masculine flattery.

But Debbie's no fool. She knows a crowd can be the loneliest place of all. She knows a home needs a man. She knows that babies need a father. And she knows that what's right for her isn't a good-looking bon vivant who'll stuff her with caviar on the rocks, and introduce her to more Gabors, but a plain guy who'll want to marry her and take care of her, and warm the cold place in her soul.

An astrologer who's studied Debbie's horoscope says Debbie's "inner self" has been shattered, and that fear will prevent her from loving again. "She will fear being hurt, and fear being made a fool of—"

We hope it isn't true. For Debbie's sake, and her children's sake, and the sake of that empty chair.

END

Debbie can be seen now in SAY ONE FOR ME for Twentieth Century-Fox, soon in IT STARTED WITH A KISS for MGM, and later in THE RAT RACE for Paramount.

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Heartbreak on the Riviera

(Continued from page 47)

we've been here two whole days. Seems like we were just arriving here, really . . . doesn't it?"

Again Kim nodded.

"Yes," she said.

Mrs. Novak turned to look out the window again.

Kim closed her eyes.

And she remembered their arrival. . . .

The night Kim met Cary

They'd come to Europe, she and her mother and her dad, for two reasons: one,

so that Kim could attend the annual Cannes Film Festival for the showing of her latest picture, *Middle of the Night*. And two, and more important, so that Kim could take her parents to Rome and show them the Vatican and St. Peter's, and to show them a little bit of Venice, and then to take them on to Prague, Czechoslovakia, behind the Iron Curtain, to see the places the older folks had remembered from their childhoods, to see some of the people—relatives and friends—they'd known and wondered and worried about all these

years since they'd come to America.

And so, they'd come first to Cannes on business really, the business of publicity, exposure, of premieres and cocktail parties, the stuff that any big star like Kim must go through.

And Kim couldn't help smile a little to herself now as she remembered their arrival there two days earlier, as she remembered thinking what a bore she was sure this would all be.

It had been a bore, as a matter of fact—at first.

The Mayor of Cannes had greeted Kim at the station, along with a couple of dozen Festival officials. They had brought a couple of dozen deep-red roses along to present to her and then they had whisked her off to a luncheon, complete with what seemed like a couple of dozen courses, very delicate, very pretty; wonderful, Kim had thought, if she'd been happy and hungry . . . which she hadn't been.

Then, that afternoon, after a short rest, there had been a reception somewhere, then a dinner, then a movie gala and then a caviar-and-champagne shindig at some hotel, given by the Yugoslavian delegation or were they Swedes?

No matter, Kim remembered, it had all been very formal and uninteresting.

Until that moment close to midnight when, while sitting at the table with her folks and some of the Festival officials and their ever-chattering wives, Kim had heard one of the women say, very excitedly, "Look who comes here . . . and towards us. Look."

Before Kim had had a chance to turn around, she'd heard the voice, behind her, saying, "Fellow American, I presume?"

She'd turned.

She'd smiled.

She'd met Cary Grant before, once or twice, back in Hollywood—the last time seven or eight months ago, at a party, shortly before his divorce from Betsy Drake.

She'd barely known him.

But he'd seemed like an old friend now, standing there smiling down at her—a friendly and welcome face from home.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," said Cary.

Introductions were made around the table, Cary explaining to the delighted officials that, since he was vacationing in Europe at the time, he had decided to stop off in Cannes for a few days.

Then he pulled up a chair and for the next half hour, in flawless French, he spoke with the officials, answering their questions mostly, or rather the questions of their wide-eyed wives.

And then he turned back to Kim.

"You don't *parlez* the language?" he asked, softly.

"Two whole words," said Kim. "*Oui* and *Non*."

"Must be a drag," Cary said.

Kim shrugged.

"Look," Cary said, glancing around the room, after a moment, "it seems they're getting ready to close shop here in a while . . . But I wonder, what are you doing to-morrow?"

"Nothing much during the day," said Kim.

"Then let's go swimming," Cary said.

"I'd like that," Kim said.

"You won't have to know a word of French," Cary added.

"I'd like *that*," Kim said.

"Pick you up at ten?"

"I'll order the Mediterranean drawn just right—about seventy-two degrees."

"You are *charmant*," Kim said.

"You lied," Cary said, shaking his head.

"You know *three* whole words of French."

And he had laughed.

And so had Kim. . . .

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Isolated beach

Kim opened her eyes.

The train had stopped.

Kim picked up a magazine she had brought along and flipped its pages.

After a while, the train began to move again.

The door to the compartment then opened and a conductor poked his head in.

"We are now leaving Nice," he said. "We will be in Monte Carlo in twenty-five minutes, in case you wish to note a little of that famous place."

He left and Kim put down her magazine and turned to look out the window once more.

The train was skirting the sea again.

Kim stared at the quick scenes that fled by; a cluster of tiny boats at anchor, a dock, a small villa with a rock garden running down to the water, another dock, an ancient fishermen's chapel, a beach.

"How lovely," Kim said, suddenly.

"What's that?" her mother asked, looking up from her knitting.

"A beach we just passed," said Kim. "It was very small, very isolated. There were just two people on it, lying on the sand. A couple."

"Too bad for them," her mother said. "It's not exactly a good day for swimming."

"Neither was yesterday," Kim said, half to herself.

She remembered how gray and overcast it had been the day before, as she and Cary had walked onto the beach at Cannes. She remembered how she'd been disappointed at first. A beach, to be fun, she had always thought, should be crowded, with people laughing and playing, and filled with sun, lots and lots of sun.

But, as the morning had gone on, she had found herself minding less and less that the weather was not exactly ideal, that other people had stayed away.

Because she had found it extraordinarily pleasant being with him, lying there alongside him, talking, the two of them, alone.

And, she remembered, she'd felt especially good when Cary had asked, suddenly, at one point, if anyone was taking her to the premiere that night.

"Just the group," Kim had said, referring to the entourage of officials.

"Then how about me taking you instead," Cary had said. "I'd planned to chuck all the movies this trip and spend tonight visiting some friends. But—"

"I'd love for you to take me," Kim had interrupted him.

"You would?" he'd asked.

Kim had been amazed—for in that moment Cary's normally debonair, sophisticated way had seemed to leave him and, though he was a man in his middle fifties, he had been like a very young boy then, a lonely boy, asking a girl for a date and being pleased, almost grateful, when she accepted it.

"I'd love that," Kim had said again, "really."

And Cary had told her, "I'm glad"—very simply.

The night, the night, the beautiful night, Kim thought now, remembering how it had started.

Cary had picked her up at eight. He'd brought flowers—a few small bouquets of violets—and he'd watched Kim arrange them in a vase. Then they'd had a cigarette and a drink. And then they'd gone to the *Middle of the Night* premiere first, then on to the Palm Beach, the waterfront nightclub where a reception in Kim's honor was being held.

As they'd entered the nightclub the band had been playing *Cherie, Reveille-toi—Arise, My Love*—the most popular song in Europe at the time.

And before they had reached their table, Cary had asked Kim to dance.

"Now?" Kim had asked.

"Sure," Cary had said, sweeping her in to his arms.

"The night, the night..." she thought. They'd danced for nearly an hour.

And then, finally, they'd gone to their table, already filled with the ever-present Festival officials and their wives.

There had been a small supper, and large amounts of champagne.

Best of all, there had been a fireworks display, a glorious display, that came from the beach.

And it was during this display, at a point when the sky turned breathtakingly scarlet, when Kim found herself reaching for Cary's hand and turning towards him.

"What are you thinking?" he'd asked, almost in a whisper.

"That I'm so happy," Kim had said.

"Would you like to leave, when this is over," Cary had asked, "and maybe take a little walk?"

"Oh, yes," Kim had said, quickly, "yes..."

The night of the song

"This is Monte Carlo we approach!"

The train had begun to slow down again and the conductor had poked his head into the door again.

"If you look now," he said to Kim and Mrs. Novak, pointing out the window, "if you look up, you will see the beautiful palace where the Princess Grace lives with her Prince and the beautiful children."

Mrs. Novak stopped her knitting and looked and was impressed.

But Kim's attention was elsewhere, her eyes focused straight ahead, at the lower part of the town—the Old Quarter—as they passed through it now.

It was still early and the streets of the Quarter were still fairly empty. But Kim could see, at different points, a wine truck stopped outside an empty café; a butcher busy hanging a cow or sheep carcass onto a hook outside his shop; two old ladies carrying the family laundry to the public *blanchisserie*; a few children already on their way to school.

It was a different Quarter from the Quarter at Cannes, and the mood this morning was certainly different than it had been the evening before.

And still, there was something about all this now that caused Kim to remember the place she had been only a few hours earlier, and the man with whom she had been.

"This is the real Cannes," Cary had said, as they'd entered the Old Quarter, "—the original Cannes, settled by the Italians, captured from them by the French, re-taken by the Italians, re-captured by the French—"

"Also," Kim added, breaking in, "a very chilly place."

A stiff breeze from the Mediterranean had swept into the town.

"Are you getting cold?" Cary asked.

"Brrrrrr," said Kim.

"Here," said Cary, taking off his jacket, "put this on."

He stood behind her and draped it around her shoulders.

"When are you planning to leave here?" he asked, as he did.

"We'd planned to go tomorrow," Kim said. "The folks are kind of anxious to get to Rome, then go on."

"Is it definite, about tomorrow?" Cary asked, still behind her.

"Not really," said Kim.

She turned and faced him.

"Not really," she said again, taking his hand again, her eyes—radiant—looking deep into his.

They continued walking through the Old Quarter. They stopped once for some coffee. Then at a tobacco stand for some cigarettes.

And then they stopped at a cabaret, for a cognac.

It was a tiny place, dark, a few tables, a few more chairs, little else.

The waiter, a large man, brought them their drinks.

Then he asked if they would like some music.

"A nickel for the juke-box" Kim asked Cary, kidding.

"No, Mademoiselle," the waiter said, "no juke-box here. My wife, she is the musician."

He clapped his hands. From behind the bar emerged a woman, a dyed redhead, a large woman, even larger than her husband.

"You want I sing?" she asked, coming towards Cary and Kim. "I have good voice if you give me 300 francs . . . All the Americans like the way I sing."

Cary winked at Kim and reached into his pocket.

"Here," he said, handing the woman some bills, "here are 500 francs."

"Ahhhh," the woman said, thrusting the money into her blouse, "now I sing even better than good."

She stepped back.

She began to sing. Cary turned his chair a little, to face her, politely.

Kim, however, barely listened.

The melody was very trite-sounding.

The woman's voice was bad.

The words—in French, naturally—were unintelligible.

And besides, Kim was with Cary and having a wonderful time with him—and that was all she really cared about.

And yet, after a while, as the woman continued to sing this little song of hers, Kim found herself strangely intrigued by the trite melody, the bad voice, the unintelligible words.

For the song, strangely, seemed suddenly haunting, and very sad, an eerie dirge-like quality shadowing its outward lilt. And Kim found herself feeling, after a while, that she had heard this song before—another time, in another place . . . maybe even in a dream one night.

On and on the woman sang her song.

On and on.

On and on.

And when, finally, she was finished and had bowed slightly and was about to return to her bar, Kim called her over.

"Oui, Mademoiselle?" the woman asked.

"What was the name of your song?" asked Kim.

"You like it?"

Kim nodded.

"It is called *The Girl of the Uncertain Heart*," the woman said. "It is an old song."

She leaned her hands on the table.

"It is triste, sad—no? It is about a girl, beautiful girl. She is young. Always she is falling in love, quickly. But, just as quickly—because she is young, uncertain—she is falling out of love. . . . Then one day she meets this gentleman. He is older than she. He is good and kind. She finds that she is falling in love with him. She thinks . . . 'Yes, I am really in love now, really in love now. This is the man for me.'"

"So she stays with the gentleman. And she is happy. You see, this is an important love for him. This will be his final and his greatest love. Ah, he is happy. He is happy."

"But then one day the girl, her heart grows uncertain again. And she leaves the gentleman. And, being so young, she never knows how much she has broken his heart. . . ."

sacrifice

On the walk back to the hotel a little while later, Cary had tried to make conversation. But Kim had been very quiet. When they reached the hotel, Cary said

something about the beach the next day.

Kim shook her head.

She tried to say something.

It wasn't what she wanted to say. But, she knew she must say it.

"I don't think so," the words came. "I think we'll be leaving in the morning, Cary. The folks are counting on it . . . I've thought it over. I'd hate to disappoint them."

"You're sure?" Cary asked, surprised.

"Yes," Kim said.

They'd looked at each other for a long moment.

Then Kim had put her arms around Cary, gently, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Goodbye," she'd said.

She'd watched him as he'd tried to smile, then as he'd turned and walked slowly away.

"It's better this way, Cary," she'd whispered, when he was gone. . . .

"Good breakfast," Mr. Novak said now, opening the door of the train compartment and sitting down.

"Good?" his wife asked.

"Very good," he said.

His wife went back to her knitting.

Mr. Novak looked over at his daughter.

"Waiter was telling me, Marilyn," he said, calling her by her true name, "that we'll be approaching Italy in a while. We go through a long tunnel first, right under the Alps, and then after about twenty minutes, we're in Italy. . . . You know that?"

Kim didn't answer him.

"Going to be nice seeing St. Peter's," Mr. Novak went on, smiling. "And Venice—I've always wanted to see the canals. I've seen pictures of them before, the streets all water like that. But somehow I've never actually believed it. . . . You've been in Venice," he said to Kim. "How did you like it?"

Again, Kim didn't answer.

"Marilyn," her father said, his smile fading a bit. "Is there something wrong, Baby?"

Still there was no answer.

"Marilyn!" her father called out, sharply this time.

"Yes?" she asked, hearing him now.

"Is there something wrong?" her father repeated.

Kim shook her head.

"No, Daddy, no . . . nothing's wrong," she said.

And at that moment the train sped into the tunnel that led away from France, and into Italy. And, in the privacy of the sudden darkness, Kim lowered her head and stared down at the vague outline of her tightly-clasped hands. . . . **END**

Kim, presently in *MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT* for Columbia, will be seen in *STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET*, also for Columbia. You can see Cary soon in both *NORTH BY NORTHWEST* for MGM, and *OPERATION PETTICOAT* for U-I.

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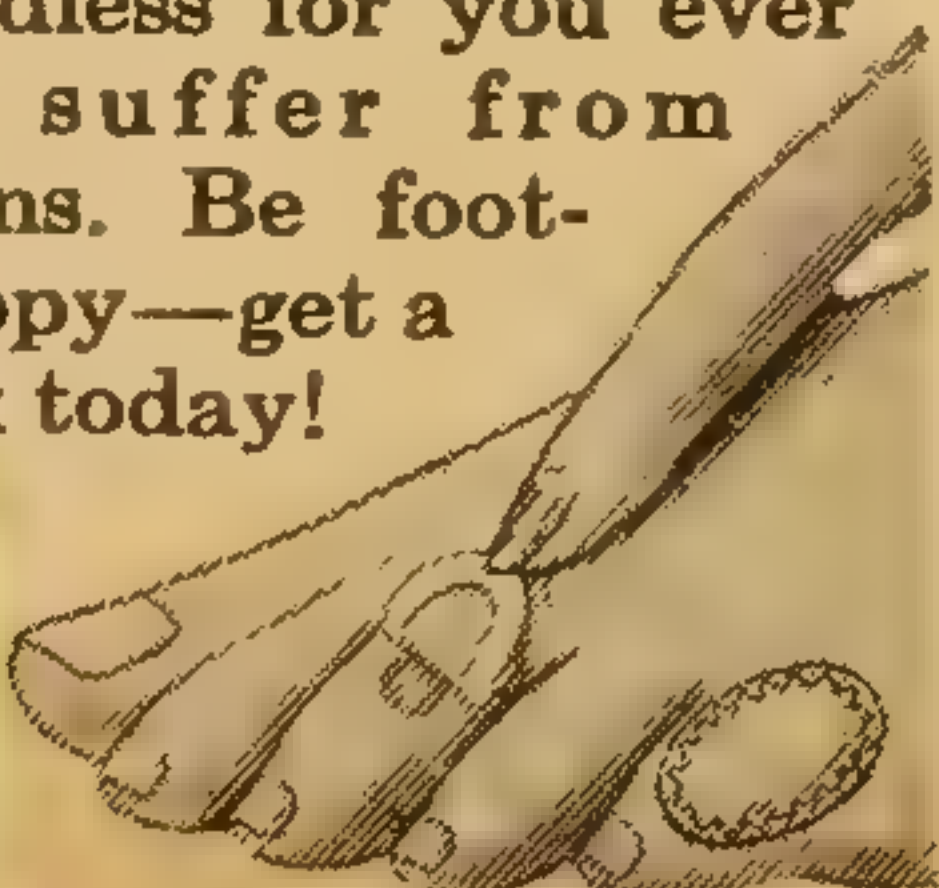
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Dirt Poor

(Continued from page 45)

Jimmy was eleven and brother Don nine, Daddy left the house, never to return. From then on, it was Momma, Grandpa, Jimmy and Don against the world.

To pay the \$8.50 a month rent for their little cottage, Momma became the local barber. She invited the neighbors to come and set on a stool in the parlor and get their hair cut. She propped the kids up on books, and told the tall folks to please scrounge a bit so she could reach them.

She had to use hand clippers, because there was no electricity in the house. And the water in the basin had to come from buckets hauled from the well, because there was no plumbing in the house.

Yet life was not grim. There was the joy of hunting jack rabbits, going berry picking, fishing in streams.

And Christmas stood out as a joyous occasion amidst the shambles of their poverty. Momma somehow managed to give Jimmy and Don three oranges, two apples, one candy bar, ten cents for fire-crackers, and a new pocket knife.

There was no Christmas tree in the house, not because they couldn't get a tree—they could have cut one down in the nearby woods—but because they had no money to buy decorations.

But no one moaned about his fate. Instead, life went on with enormous zest. Momma bought the boys a new red hand wagon every two years, partly as a toy, but mostly for hauling buckets from the well. The boys took baths in the 'Number 3' size galvanized washtub, and splashed and laughed. They laughed, too, when they lived in a house where the boards were so loose that the rain poured through.

Momma was the center of their life. She was loving but firm. When the boys broke rules, she reached into her supply of switches behind the kitchen door and let the boys have a few slashes.

Once, when Momma was about to slash into the boys, they made funny faces and she just bust into giggles, losing her anger and neglecting to switch the boys. From then on, when Momma descended on them, switch in hand, they tried to get her laughing before she landed on them. But they didn't succeed often. She had a heap of wrath in her, and she moved quickly.

God-given talent

Jimmy and Don pulled cotton, earning fifty cents for pulling a 100 pounds of cotton, which took them a whole day. They did a multitude of other chores, saving their pennies and helping Momma to buy a second hand piano for \$40. Momma had a book on *How To Play the Piano*, and taught herself. Then she taught Jimmy how to play C chords.

When Jimmy got to high school, he worked hard to save \$35 and buy an accordion. He taught himself, and soon was able to join his mother in parlor musicals, when Momma played old church songs from the *Boardman Hymnal*, like *Sweet Hour of Prayer* and *Amazing Grace*.

Jimmy never did learn how to read music. But he discovered he was blessed with perfect pitch, could start a song on key, and could imitate a sound or a voice almost instantaneously.

It was a talent that was God-given, natural, and when he used it he was being himself, Jimmy Dean, and nobody else.

When they earned enough money to install electricity in the house, it was as if a miracle had occurred. Jimmy gazed on the new electric bulb and gasped, "Momma, this is the biggest light I've ever seen!" Then they bought their first radio, a white

plastic five-tube Motorola.

Jimmy continued to grow up but not out. He grew taller but remained skinny, and he was convinced he had the biggest ears in Texas. "I wish I was . . ." he would sigh, and Momma would say, again and again, "Honey, don't try to be somebody else. Be yourself. You'll see . . . the day will come when people will love you for what you are, your natural self."

At Plainview High School, he was a good student, but he had little to do with the girl students. He felt inferior, awkward, and it was a long time before he finally asked a girl for a date. She said "Yes" but when he arrived to meet her, she was not there. He never found out why, and he was too embarrassed to ask.

Kirk Douglas believes there's nothing like a child to take you down a peg or two. He was undertaking to show his son how to do some arithmetic.

"Oh, Daddy," exploded his son, "that's the way old people do arithmetic."

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

He confessed to his Momma, "I'm about as popular as a rattlesnake at school." She engulfed him with the sweetness of her ample arms and murmured, "Honey, don't you worry none. You're a fine boy. Just be yourself, and don't you change."

"Some day," Jimmy vowed, "I'll be rich and I'll own a store-bought suit with an extra pair of pants!"

Next to his Momma, Jimmy loved his grandpa, William Jasper Taylor, best. Grandpa was a farmer, a good farmer who was kind to his animals.

"Jimmy," he would say, "I can go into a man's horse lot, and I could tell you about the man by just looking at his horses. If the horses shy away, then watch out for that man. But if the horses come to you without fear and you have to push them away, then he's a good man."

As he grew older, Momma laid down the law. "Jimmy," she once said, "wherever you go, and whatever you do . . . if you never do anything you wouldn't do if I was standing there watching, then you'll never go wrong."

At fourteen, he went out into the fields, digging ditches for irrigation, a backbreaking job. He rough-broke horses for twenty-five dollars a horse.

At fifteen, he quit high school so he could work full time and help his mother.

For a time, he worked in an alfalfa dehydrating plant.

It was an awful job. He would spit green and blow his nose green, and wallow in thick green dust as he stacked 100-pound sacks of alfalfa eight-high in a box car.

It was enough to make a kid go crazy. One night, he heard on the radio that two panthers had escaped from a circus in the area. Everyone in town was tense, and Jimmy felt especially apprehensive that night. While waiting to catch a sack coming down a chute and thinking hard of the panthers, he was startled when, suddenly, a hound came clomping by.

Jimmy gazed at the hound, saw it was a hound, but he was so bugged up about the panthers, that he started to run like crazy. He slid down a ramp, and a nail took off a hunk of his flesh, but the terror-stricken Jimmy got up and ran and ran.

At sixteen, he decided to join the U.S. Merchant Marine. Momma signed the consent papers, sighing, "I want you to do whatever you want to do, so long as it's honest work."

Jimmy became an oiler on ships and began to see the outside world for the first time. A year later, he joined the U.S. Air Force, again with his mother's consent. He sent her his monthly allotment so she could buy two lots and a small white frame house in Plainview.

After a basic at San Antonio and radio training at Scott Field, Illinois, he was assigned to Bolling Air Base near Washington, D.C.

It was here that he made his first dollar out of music, when he substituted for a fiddle player in a small combo of GIs picking up extra money playing local cafes on their night off. He got \$5 a night and tips.

When he was discharged in 1949, he didn't want to go back to picking cotton or loading alfalfa sacks, so he stayed on with the band. He had a vague feeling he could make a living with his accordion and singing.

First taste of the business

When the band broke up, he and his best pal, Herbie Jones, guitarist, joined three other musicians in going to Philadelphia. When they crowded instruments into their jalopy, there wasn't enough room... so two of the musicians had to hitchhike. They re-grouped at a Philadelphia bus station, then discovered they had been misled: there was no job waiting for them.

Stranded and broke, Jimmy sold his wrist watch for \$5 and rented two cheap hotel rooms. Then he sold his leather jacket for twenty hamburgers, which fed the band. Herbie sold his coat for gas for the car. Jimmy traded in an alarm clock for two lemon meringue pies.

Still, he wouldn't quit.

Back in Washington, Jimmy's little outfit played the beer joints, and finally wound up at the Dixie Pig, where their booking stretched into eighteen months.

It was at the 400 Club that Jimmy first saw a pretty brunette college student, Sue Wittauer. He had never dated steadily, had never proposed to a girl, and in fact had had very few dates in his life. He still felt he was not attractive.

Yet, this time, he got up enough nerve to get Sue's phone number, call her and make a date. Then, called away suddenly on a job, he didn't have the nerve to phone her for another six months. When he did, he was amazed when she accepted another date. Soon they were in love...

And so they were married in 1950 in Presbyterian Church, in Sue's home town, Tacoma Park, Maryland.

Jimmy continued singing and squeezing

the accordion in and around Washington, and when Elvis Presley got big, people advised him, "Why don't you wriggle like Elvis? That's the thing today!"

Jimmy said, "They've already got one Elvis. What do they need an imitation for? I'm not changing."

One day, Jimmy heard the local CBS station was looking for a country-style show. So he auditioned, and got the job.

He was so great, he was put on the network. His first record, *Bumming Around*, piled up 900,000 sales. Soon CBS had signed him to a long term pact, and transferred him to New York.

Now he's got a daily show on CBS-TV, and is getting more fan mail than the champ himself, Arthur Godfrey.

But he had to fight to be permitted to be himself. At the beginning, network producers tried to citify him to 'broaden' his appeal. They gave him citified talk, but Jimmy objected: "I'm not a spit-and-polish guy like Ed Sullivan. Why can't they let me be myself? If I get anywhere, it will be 'cause I'm Jimmy Dean, and nobody else."

So they let him be himself, and they let him say things like, "Haven't had so much fun since the cow had twins," and "Grin once in a while, it's good fer ya," and "I'll be hog-tied if I'd say that."

At thirty, he has established the name Jimmy Dean so firmly that he's no longer confused with the late movie Dean. He's now six-foot-three, with a fine smile and nice blond hair, and somehow the ears don't stick out as much. Most of his fans think he's downright handsome.

Life is good for Jimmy now, and the days of being dirt-poor seem gone forever. Mother is happy in Texas; brother Don is a big milk distributor; Jimmy and Sue and their kids (Constance and Garry) live in a nice house in Connecticut.

His faith is strong and he has gone to many churches. But his favorite was the Seth Ward Baptist Church. "I liked the ministers, Rev. Gaston Green and Rev. Weathers, because they tromped on your toes. A minister ain't much good unless he really stirs you up."

He seems to have no bitterness at the poverty of his childhood and having to quit school at fifteen. He's not even mad at poeple who swindled him. "I don't stop having faith in people who let me down... but I don't ever want to let down anybody who has faith in me."

After his show, he likes to sprawl in a chair in his dressing room and sigh, "I'm happy as a clam the way things are... They're letting me be myself."

END

Our Wedding Night

(Continued from page 42)

say good-bye. As we entered, Nick called out, "Hi, Mom. We're back. You didn't get rid of your daughter after all."

Sitting in my parents' house, holding hands with Nicky, where Nicky had visited us so often during the hectic, wonderful month of our courtship, I remembered the many nights he had slept all night on the couch there, and remembering, I couldn't help giggling...

Taking orders from a new husband

Originally, Nicky had planned to go to Carmel, but then he learned he had to start work almost immediately on his TV series, *The Rebel*.

"Let's not go to Carmel," he said. "It's too far. We'll drive to Arrowhead instead."

"Uh, huh," I said. It was so wonderful to be a brand new wife, taking orders from

a brand new husband. I felt so excited.

When we got to Arrowhead up in the mountains, the place was deserted because it was off-season. Were we miffed? What do you think? We wanted even more privacy, so we took a little cabin at the edge of the lake instead of staying at the big hotel there.

We changed into bathing suits, and sat on the sand by the lake front and dreamed. Nick started reading aloud from the book, *Hondo*. If you saw John Wayne in it, you'll remember it's the story of a lone wolf kind of character who thought he didn't need anybody—least of all a woman in his life—till he met the girl.

"A little like us," I said.

"A lot like us," said Nicky tenderly. Before he met me, Nicky thought he had everything in the world he wanted. He wasn't exactly a lone wolf, but the most popular bachelor in town. He believed that he travels fastest who travels alone, and so far as marriage was concerned, he was going to travel all the way alone.

Before me, Nicky thought he was happy.



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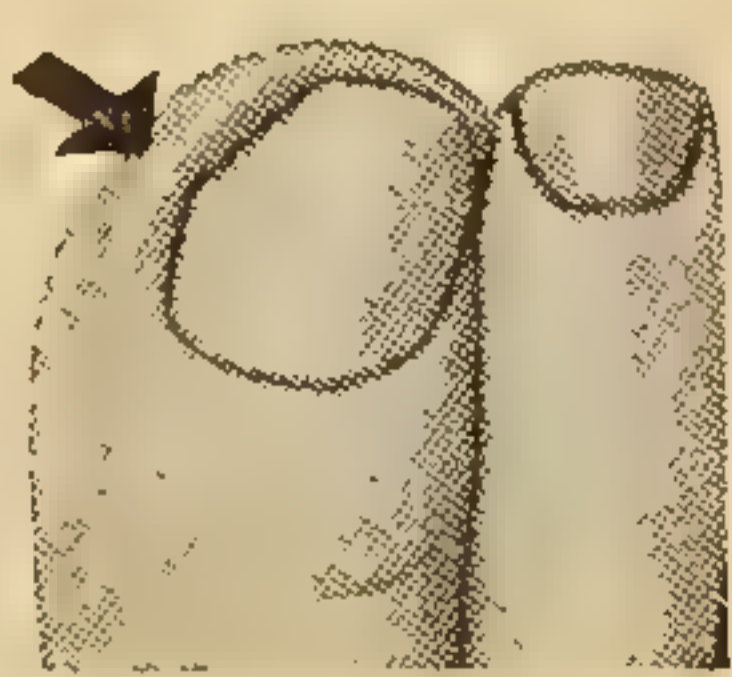
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Before I met Nicky I thought I was happy, too. I never understood why I suffered so from anemia, why food interested me so little and why all of a sudden I'd go on crazy eating binges. These are often symptoms of unhappiness and restlessness. I thought I had everything to make a girl happy—devoted parents and a happy, normal teenage life.

But I didn't know what happiness was till I met Nicky. Since the day I met Nicky I haven't been near a doctor. I'm not suffering from any symptoms. I don't starve for days, then feel like going on a binge. . . .

Suddenly Nick sprang up. "Wife," he said, "let's not waste away our lives reading. Let's live a little. Let's live a lot."

We got into Nicky's car. He put the top down. He asked, "How'd you like to go to Santa's Village, right up the mountain? I feel as if it were Christmas. If it can be June in January, it can sure be December in May."

"Uh huh," I said dreamily. "I've never been to Santa's Village. Let's go."

We whizzed along the mountain road. And while we whizzed we talked.

"It's a terrific village for kids," he said. "Kids . . . funny thing, sweetie, I always said I'd never marry, but that if by some wild chance I did get married, I thought I'd never want to be tied down with kids."

"And now everything's different. I'm not only married, but crazy, wild to have children, just as long as they can be our children and have your funny nose. How many would you like, sugar?"

"Oh, a dozen. But let's settle for two, so that we can give them lots and lots of love. You know, my younger sister, Judy, and I were spoiled by love. Let's spoil our children the same way."

Mixing the upbringing

"Just as long as they turn out like you," said Nick. "But let's mix their upbringing a little. I was brought up very strictly, you know. I'm glad I was brought up with some hard knocks. Now I can appreciate all the good things that have happened to me. But, of course, I'll still want to spoil our children rotten."

"And what shall we name them?" I asked.

"If the first one's a boy, let's name him Reb."

I sat up upright. "Nicky, you're kidding. You wouldn't name a child of yours Reb Adams."

"Who said I wouldn't? Look what *The Rebel* has done for me. A brand new career in TV. And don't forget the month in which it came. Our lucky month—the month we met. Would you really mind the name 'Reb'?"

"It's beginning to sound better to me all the time. *Reb Adams*. I can just see him now, hootin' through the house!"

"And if our kid's a girl . . . what name do you like best?"

"Oh, Nicky, you'll laugh at me."

"Come on, funny face. I won't."

"Dawn Jonette. A girl I knew in school was named Jonette and it's such an unusual name I made up my mind then that I'd name my own daughter that."

Said Nicky musingly, "Say, that's not bad. I'd fall in love with a girl named Dawn Jonette. Any guy would. I can just see our daughter in church, getting married to a guy who first fell in love with her name. Do you mind, honey, losing our daughter to this fine young man?"

"No," I said very solemnly, "not as long as I have my Nicky Poo."

When we got to Santa's Village we discovered it wasn't open for the season yet.

"I'm glad," I said, "that Reb and Dawn haven't been born yet. Maybe they would have been disappointed."

"Are you, darling?" He smiled at me.

"Not when I have you! Santa's come and gone, where I'm concerned. He gave us each other. What a whopping big Christmas present!"

We drove along, dreamily, talking as we'd never talked before, the hours melting as we talked, our hearts melting, too.

Nicky and I had thought we were in love before we were married. But not the way we fell in love on that long drive around the Arrowhead mountains. We learned to know each other as we'd never known each other before. We fell in love one hundred times more than before we were married. We had thought on our wedding day that our hearts were filled with love beyond comprehension . . . immeasurable waves of love. But they were tiny ripples compared to what swept over us now.

Oh, the wonder of you, I felt like singing. I looked at my bridegroom's profile, as he stared straight ahead at a winding mountain road, and I thought of the things I'd read and heard about him before we were married.

Nicky threw the wrapper

"I knew you were right for me the first time I looked into your eyes," I said. "I was afraid you were the conceited type. But your eyes were so kind."

"Even though I'd thrown the chewing gum wrapper at you!" he laughed.

"Oh Nicky, darling, that just broke the ice. I was so bored at that party, I didn't want to go in the first place, you know. I'd never been to a Hollywood party before. I always thought they were noisy and phony. But Judy insisted that I go, so I went. But from the moment we got there, the party wasn't for me. I wanted to go right home, but Judy kept saying, 'Oh, wait. Wait.' I'm so glad now that we waited. If I hadn't, I'd never have met you, darling."

"And I almost didn't go, either. What a dame Fate is. I went with a couple of other guys just for laughs. I thought, *I'll stay a minute, then take off*. Then I spotted you. You know, you were special even then. . . ."

"I saw you staring. I thought, *I know Mr. Nick Adams' type. He thinks he can have any girl he wants*. I wanted to high-hat you, but when you offered to take me home, I just had to give in. I wanted to get away from that party. But as soon as I sat next to you in the car, just the two of us, I began to trust you. Even when we had to go to your place to pick up something, I wasn't afraid to go in."

Nicky laughed. "I had you alone in my apartment and I didn't even go on the make. That's when I knew I was in love. You really meant something special to me. Also," he added with a grin, "I knew that if I'd tried to go on the make, you'd probably have belted me."

"Probably," I said smugly.

"You're beautiful and sweet and good, Carole Poo. And if you don't mind, let's put in our order for three children, not two. . . ."

Not too smart about the bride bit

We were back at the lake, and again we sat on the sands, and stared at the still blue waters. I thought, *What a different Nicky this is from what he's usually like*. In Hollywood, he is always on the go. But here at the lake it was peaceful and calm, and Nicky relaxed and was peaceful and calm. And the peace descended into both our hearts. . . .

But of course, being brand new newly-weds, it couldn't always be peaceful like that. I'm not pretending that we never argue. Some of our arguments have occurred because Nicky has been baching it for ten years, and here I was, expecting

him to make like a married man pronto. I wasn't always too smart about the brand new bride bit myself.

Before we married, Nicky used to toss soiled clothes into corners, but somehow, miraculously he always managed to have fresh shirts to put on his back every day.

After a few days as Mrs. Nick Adams, I was appalled by the sight of a large, rolled-up ball of soiled underwear. I called up a laundry and told them I wanted the finest service they had.

"There's our one-day service—that's our ordinary service," the man told me. "But if you're really particular, we can recommend the eight-day de luxe service."

The next morning, Nicky asked, "Where'd you put my shirts and shorts?"

"Why, they're in the laundry, darling."

"At the laundry? But I'm down to my last pair. Better call up the laundry and have them send the stuff right over."

"But I sent it out yesterday, and it's the special de luxe eight-day service."

"Eight days! Am I supposed to go around naked for eight days?"

"I guess so," I said, close to tears. "But I just did my best and you don't appreciate me at all. Maybe you got along better as a bachelor than married to me."

Nicky had to dash out, and that left me with some time to straighten things out. I went out and bought up smart, new underwear for him. Lots of it. Enough to last for twice eight days if necessary. I spread the pieces lovingly on the bed.

When Nick came home he took me in his arms. "You are the best wife I ever married." He kissed me. Our first near-quarrel was over.

The worst argument we ever had happened one night when Nick didn't want to go to bed. We'd had some friends over for dinner, and after they left I said, "I'm tired. I'm even too tired to do the dishes. Let's go to bed now."

Nicky said, "I'm going to sit up all night."

I said, hurt, "You're kidding."

"No. I have to stay up. There's one of my television scripts I want to work on."

"Can't you do it tomorrow?"

"No," said Nicky firmly. "It's got to be tonight." I gave him an angry look. I was plenty miffed. So this is what you're really like, I thought. Just stubborn. Make an issue of nothing.

Thinking dark thoughts, I tossed and turned, couldn't fall asleep for about an hour. Then I fell into an uneasy sleep. This was the first time Nicky and I had had a serious misunderstanding.

The following morning I woke up and found Nicky asleep on the sofa. Beside him were three treatments for the script he was working on with a friend.

I went into the kitchen, and discovered that all the dirty dishes and glasses had been washed and put away. The kitchen was immaculate, too.

I almost choked.

I gently woke Nicky Poo up, so we could both go back to bed. . . .

END

Introducing Roger Smith

(Continued from page 25)

reached into his pocket, dug out a key and threw it to his son.

Roger caught it.

"Thank you, Dad," he said, the simple words coming hard.

And then he walked, not towards the road any longer, but across the neatly-mowed lawn, towards the driveway and a middle-aged car there.

And without looking back this time, at the two people he knew were still looking at him, he got into the car, started it up and drove away. . . .

The trouble with L.A.

The streets of Los Angeles were not paved with gold.

He had been in L.A. for six days and he was down to his last seventy-five cents (gas, food and a month's advance rent at a flea-bag boarding house had taken care of the cash), when he got his first job.

It was at an aircraft factory. It was a pretty good-paying job.

The only trouble with it was the foreman under whom Roger had been assigned to work.

"This is no joke when you work for me, kid," the foreman—a big fat man with a big fat voice—had said the day Roger started. "This is important, serious, a big thing we're doing here. I don't take no nonsense. Hah, kid—you understand?"

Four days later the foreman caught Roger in the washroom, taking a break, standing near the window and smoking a cigarette.

"Pick up your check, you're fired," came the news.

The next job, at a gas station, turned out to have its foreman, too.

He was a distinguished-looking, tie-wearing man from the main office who popped by one day.

"I hear, Mr. Smith, that you're working out very nicely here," he said.

"Thank you," said Roger.

"Now," the man said, "it's time for you to learn a few pointers, shall we say, of the business?"

"Pointers?" Roger asked.

The man explained. And very bluntly. Because, after all, we are in business, it's a good idea for you to check the oil, walk over to the customer, plant a few wrinkles in your brow and say, 'I would suggest a quart of—'

"Our most expensive oil," Roger broke in.

The distinguished-looking man smiled.

"In other words," Roger said, "you want me to con the customers into buying what they don't really need."

He watched the smile before him as it began to wither.

"Phony outfit," he said, beginning to walk away.

Each job had its quirks, complications, disappointments, dishonesties.

Finally, things got to the point where Roger couldn't hold any of these jobs, couldn't pay his rent—had, in fact, just enough money to pay for gas home.

He spent a long, sleepless night wondering what he should do.

He decided, in the morning, to go home.

Home again

When he arrived back in Nogales late that night—tired, his face drawn, his body grimy with a full day's coating of desert dust—he said hello, simply, to his folks, explained what had happened, had a bite to eat and went upstairs to his room. . . .

His father, alone with his wife later, in the parlor of the big house, shook his head.

"It's no good," he said, "once a boy's got a dream started, to have it broken. Even if he didn't know in the first place what that dream was all about."

His wife sighed.

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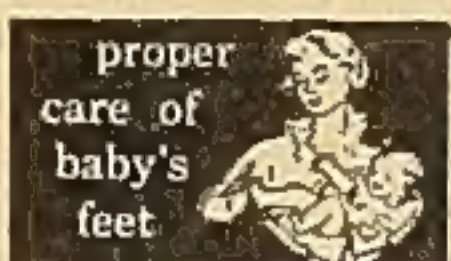
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September 16—Lauren Bacall
Anne Francis

September 17—Anne Bancroft

September 18—Frankie Avalon
Rossano Brazzi
Phyllis Kirk
Jimmie Rodgers

September 19—Ray Danton

September 23—Mickey Rooney

September 24—George Raft

September 25—Aldo Ray
John Ericson

September 26—Jack Kelly

September 28—Janet Munro

September 29—Lizabeth Scott
Anita Ekberg
Greer Garson

September 30—Deborah Kerr



Otto Krueger
September 6



Pat Crowley
September 17



Steve Forrest
74 September 29



Ben Cooper
September 30

she said. . . .

It was a night, two years later. Roger had completed college and was in the Navy now, stationed in Hawaii.

There was a show this night, a big Navy-talent show, for the other sailors, the big brass and guests.

Roger, one of a few dozen performers, sang a few songs, accompanying himself on his old guitar.

At a party later, a man, one of the guests that night, came up to him.

"I don't usually pass compliments like this," the man said, "but you've got talent, Sailor."

"Thank you," Roger said, his voice wavering a little.

"I like the way you sang," the man went on. "I like the way you handled yourself. Have you ever thought about going into the entertainment business?"

"No, sir," Roger said.

"Have any other type of work in mind when you get out of the service?" the man asked.

"No," Roger said.

"Then give it a try."

"Hollywood?" Roger asked.

"Why not, Sailor?" the man said.

A few moments later, the man left and a pal of Roger's came rushing over to him. He didn't hide the fact that he was impressed.

"What was that all about?" he asked.

Roger told him.

"I don't know," Roger said, shrugging.

"Boy," his friend said, "from a guy like Jimmy Cagney—that's really some advice to keep in mind. . . ."

The second round

When Roger was discharged from the service a little over a year later, he decided to take the advice and go to Hollywood.

It didn't take long for him to land a movie role.

And it was a stroke of fate that his first role was as James Cagney's son in *The Man of a Thousand Faces*, a Universal-International picture.

It was a wonderful stroke of fate, too, that Columbia Studios became interested in him soon after the picture's release and offered him a contract.

Because it was at Columbia, in a drama class there, that Roger met the beautiful Victoria Shaw.

Benno Schneider, the coach, called the class to order.

"This afternoon," he said, "I want to do the beach scene from *From Here To Eternity*. The girl will be played by Miss Shaw, the boy by—"

He pointed to the newcomer.

"—by you, Mr. Smith," he said.

Roger had seen Victoria around and he'd wanted to meet her—and, since nobody had bothered introducing them, what better way than this?

Up on the stage a few moments later, they said hello—the boy from Arizona, the girl from Australia.

"I caught you in the *Eddy Duchin* picture," Roger said. "I thought you were fine . . . Your first picture, wasn't it?"

Victoria nodded, but said nothing.

Mr. Schneider, busy with something else these past few minutes, turned to them now.

"Let's begin," he said, handing them their scripts.

Roger and Victoria began the scene.

It went terribly.

As someone who was there has said, "Roger seemed all right. But Victoria was frozen. They did it once, then again, then again. The more they did it, the worse it got. I couldn't understand what was wrong with Victoria. She just wasn't reacting."

Finally Roger, too, got annoyed.

Mr. Schneider, still watching, said nothing.

But Victoria did.

Facing Roger squarely, she said, "I think, Mr. Smith, that something is wrong with what we're doing."

"So do I," said Roger. Loudly, he added, "What we should do is go down to the beach, just the two of us, and practice this."

The class began to laugh.

The heck with the beach

Victoria tensed.

"Fine, yes, indeed," she said.

"After class?" Roger asked.

"After class," said Victoria.

After class, alone, neither of them said anything for a moment.

Then Victoria spoke.

"I'm ready if you are," she said.

Neither of them moved.

"Look," Roger said, "I know you don't want to go to the beach. So to heck with it. . . . But I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me just one thing. What was wrong before, with the scene, between us?"

"I was nervous," Victoria said.

"Why?" Roger asked.

"It's a thing with us Australians, I guess," Victoria said. "We get nervous, just like anybody else. Only we show it in a different way. We get cold . . . reserved . . . snobbish. Our noses go up in the air. It's awful, but we can't do anything about it."

"But I don't get it. Why were you nervous?" Roger asked.

Victoria blushed.

"Because of you," she said. "I liked you. And it made me nervous to be near you, talking to you—all of a sudden."

As it turned out, all was not to be to heck with the beach. . . . In fact, it was not long after that that Roger proposed. . . .

Roger's parents sat in the parlor, this soft-breezed autumn night of 1957.

Roger, their son, had arrived in Nogales a few hours earlier, bringing with him Victoria, his wife of this past year.

It had been a wonderful few hours.

And Victoria had talked about her life in Australia and then she and Roger had talked about their little house in Hollywood and how they had fixed it up—a small place, they said, but they'd fixed it nice, with a patio and an extra room.

And then, because Victoria was expecting their first child, they had all talked about the still-unborn baby.

After dinner Victoria had helped Mrs. Smith with the dishes while Roger had smoked a pipe with Mr. Smith.

And then the young couple sat on the front porch, Roger playing his old beat-up guitar, Victoria humming—while Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat in the parlor, very proud of these two young people.

It didn't matter to them, this night, that Roger and Victoria, while Hollywood folk now, weren't exactly very successful Hollywood folk. They had no way of knowing that within a short time—by 1959, say—things would suddenly take a turn for the better and Roger would be a big TV star, one of the leads on something to be called *77 Sunset Strip*; that Victoria, after having given birth to her second child, would resume her picture-making career with Columbia.

All that mattered to them was that their son and his wife were happy. . . .

It was after about an hour when Roger lay down his guitar.

"Vicki and I are going to take a walk," he said. "I want to show her the neighborhood."

"Why don't you take the car, the old car," Mr. Smith said, "and show our girl the whole darn town."

And he reached into his pocket and pulled out a key and threw it to his son.

Roger looked down at the key.

"Remember, Dad?" he asked, looking up. His father nodded.

And they both smiled.

END

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